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Job
Morbid's
Pilgrimage

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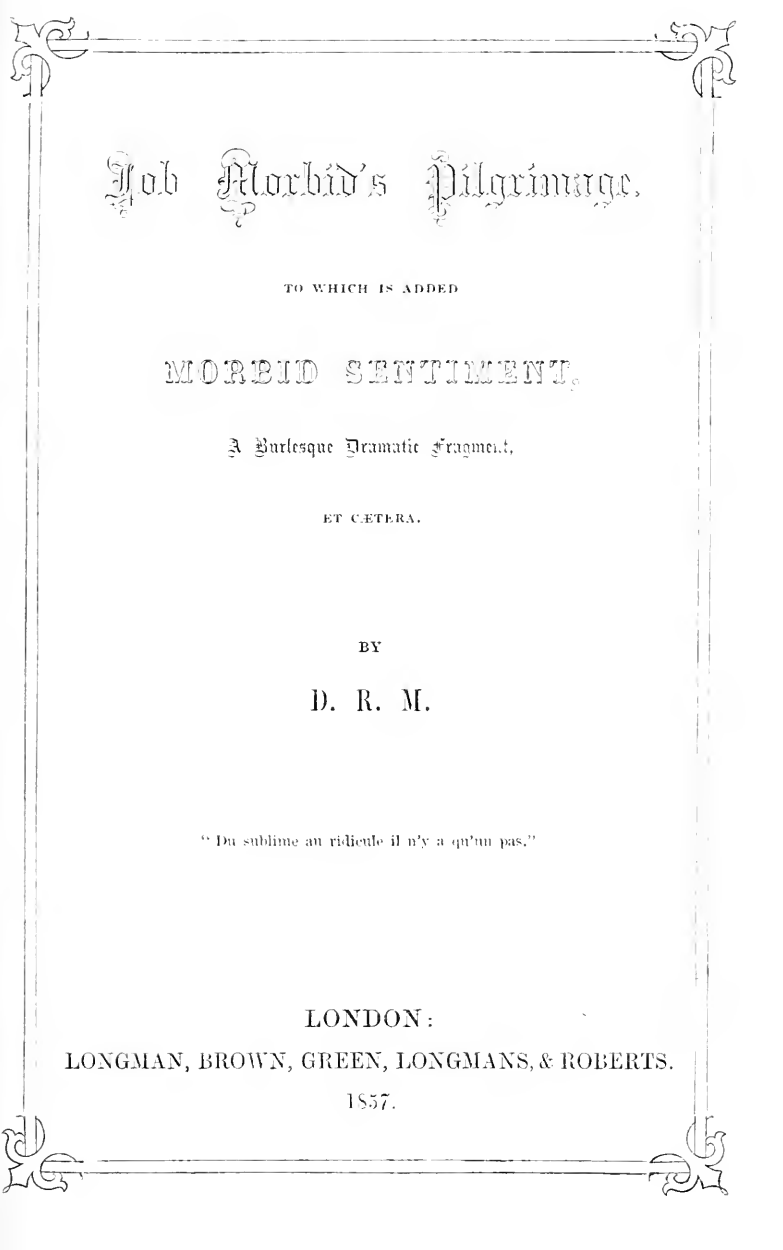
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P O E M S .

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New-street Square.



Job Morbid's Pilgrimage.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

MORBID SENTIMENT,

A Burlesque Dramatic Fragment,

ET CETERA.

BY

D. R. M.

“ Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.”

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

1857.

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Introduction.

Now, gentle reader, if you think this book
Contains much wisdom, you are quite mistaken
If for its merits you would wish to look,
Then seek but one : it may your mirth awaken.
If you can be amused, 't is well and good ;
But this is just the proper place to mention
A simple fact, — that, seeking to find food
For your instruction was not my intention.
No! at the time when you *unbend the bow*,
And cease to follow in pursuit of learning, —
When of that rugged chase you weary grow,
And when your mind for lighter sport is yearning,
Then take your rod and fishing-tackle out,
And on the bank of this small streamlet lying,
Cast in your hook : you will not kill a trout,
But you may find some small fry worth the frying.
Yet still I would not willingly provoke
The frigid sage's dull pedantic peeping,
But seek such minds as sometimes mirth invoke,
Where grave and gay are equally in keeping.
As it is written with this light intent,
Be not disgusted with a pun that's shocking ;
For if you are, for you the book's not meant, —
It will not suit the Pedant or Bluestocking.



JOB MORBID'S PILGRIMAGE.



TO
BETSY JANE.

Maid of Allwork.

I.

O NYMPH of Cloacina ! who from birth
Hath been the sport of some harsh mistress' will ;
Now doomed on aching knees to scrub the hearth,
Or perhaps some woeful task more arduous still :
Thou whose dull life must always be uphill,
Where labour only ceases with the day,
Who never seem'st of food to have thy fill,
And one and sixpence is thy weekly pay,—
To thee my muse would sing,—oh ! listen to her lay.

II.

O Maid of Allwork ! my enraptured muse,
Filled with the sentiments thou dost inspire,
Feels in her soul she cannot yet refuse
To strike again for thee the mystic lyre.
Oh, may its chords pour forth their wonted fire
In flowing melody and strains divine !
All that can charm a poet's fond desire
My muse shall place on the neglected shrine
Of her who makes the bed, and hath the boots to shine.

III.

O thou whom Dickens hath immortalized,
By a most noble title of address,
In that famed book by all the world* so prized,
Where Richard Swiveller names thee "*Marchioness* :"
To thee, my Marchioness, I will confess
Job Morbid doth a Pilgrimage design,
To-morrow morning,—that's to say unless
The weather should prove anything but fine ;
Therefore have breakfast laid before the clock strikes nine.

* It is presumed that *all the world* is used in the sense of *tout le monde*.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Job Morbid's Pilgrimage.

CANTO I.

I.

THEE I invoke, Thalia, Muse divine !
Oh ! leave Mount Helicon at my desire :
I've ordered breakfast here at half-past nine,
So pray be punctual, and bring thy lyre.
Oh ! light my soul with pure Promethean fire,
So that Byronic stanzas mine may be :
One other favour only I require, —
That (having finished all the toast and tea)
Thou put thy habit on, and take a ride with me.

II.

Dost thou mount Pegasus with a side-saddle,
Or can'st sit sideways on his naked back ?
For 'tis not lady-like to ride a-straddle
Like some poor postboy on a wretched hack.
Oh ! if to sit him firm thou hast the knack,
Then quickly give to him a feed of hay,
So that his paces with us may not slack,
But he may canter gaily all the way,
And help us through the mud without the least delay.

III.

In "modern Babylon" there dwelt a youth
 Who drove the road the Muses love to stray ;
 Compared with theirs, his carriage was uncouth,—
 Theirs was a phaeton, his a jolting dray,—
 Still in their wheel-tracks he would guide his way,
 Nor care how much with mud they did bespatter,
 So that he safely to himself could say,
 " This is the unction which my soul doth flatter,
 I hear my own rough wheels with their light phaeton's clatter.

IV.

Like most great men, this poet had a mother ;
 But she and he were constantly at war :
 She, honest woman, did, like many another,
 Follow the occupation of a char.
 This was enough their happiness to mar,
 For char and poet would be sure to wrangle ;
 Fire and water were not more ajar ;
 Besides, when he would on the Muses dangle,
 His mother did insist that he should turn the mangle.

V.

Job Morbid was he called, but whence he came
 It matters not ; suffice it then to say,
 Filled, like Cyrene, with Apollo's flame,
 He from a " master tailor " ran away,
 To write trade lyrics in great Mammon's pay.
 Thalia helped him, for t'was not in vain
 He woo'd her fondly in a gentle lay,
 And sought, through her, Parnassian heights to gain,
 In his small garret home hard by St. Martin's Lane.

VI.

But Job was sick of lyric advertising
Men's hats and paletôt, all at 4/9,
And ladies' muffs at prices more surprising,
Thus tempting victims to the tradesman's shrine.
Such narrow glories made his muse repine,
She fondly sighed on soaring wings to rise,
And float unshackled through those realms divine
Where boundless Fancy scornfully defies
Foul Mammon's subtle arts, and spurns his tempting guise.

VII.

Whilst wrapt in musing o'er such visions bright,
Job's swelling thoughts to Epic poets turn ;
He takes, like Icarus, too bold a flight,
Thinks in his soul Homeric flashes burn,
And for immortal fame his passions yearn.
Such thoughts Calliope perceived with ire,
And thus admonished him in accents stern :
"Thou lyric wight ! dar'st thou indeed aspire,
With impious hands, to drag my Epic through the mire ?"

VIII.

How hard it is to reason down a scheme
Which youth has vainly set its heart upon :
Nought but Experience dispels the dream,
And it by ruined hopes alone is won.
Thus Morbid's thoughts on glowing verse would run,
Despite the warning of the Epic muse :
He scornfully resolves her steps to shun,
Convinced Melpomene would not refuse
His incense at her shrine, nor his true love abuse.

IX.

Yes, he would sing the lofty Tragic strain,
 The "Fate of Liberty" should be his theme, —
 How she escaped from Despotism's chain,
 And seemed to realise that holy dream
 Where human sympathy reigns all supreme :
 How she, yet panting from the hot pursuit,
 Scared by fierce Anarchy's foul lustful gleam,
 Flies back to former chains heart-crush'd and mute,
 For dogs protect the lamb from the more savage brute.

X.

The grave Melpomene looked down and smiled
 With more compassion than her sister Muse :
 " He is indeed a weak but willing 'childe,'
 But must some other of my sisters choose ;
 I dread lest he my sacred rites abuse.
 O cease to cherish, fond presumptuous elf,
 ('T'is my immortal William's verse I use,)
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself.
 Thy clay will only mould to very humble delf."

XI.

His Epic and high Tragic visions o'er,
 The page of History he would adorn,
 With England's glories in the Russian war ;
 But Clio's solemn voice speaks thus to warn :
 " Hist'ry must never of the truth be shorn.
 With England's valour must be brought to light,
 How heroes died, neglected and forlorn,
 And how her armies, and great naval might,
 Assumed their perfect form only too late to fight."

XII.

Here was the death-blow to his bold career,
His spirits sank beneath this last rebuff ;
Then sweet Thalia whispered in his ear,
“ Job, my good friend, I see you’ve had enough ;
Ambition’s made of shocking rugged stuff.
In courting Tragedy, you quite appal her ;
You see Calliope is in a huff,
And Clio snubs you when you seek to call her :
Then take a friend’s advice, and pray sing something smaller.”

XIII.

Her much loved voice went thrilling to his heart.
“ Oh Love ! thy power is indeed divine ;
At thy sweet presence all conceits depart.
Dearest Thalia, I am ever thine ;
Help me ! for I a Pilgrimage design,
To seek for inspiration and delight,
Now that the weather is so very fine.”
And having packed his carpet-bag all right,
He thus in pensive strain pour’d out his last “ good night.”

“ Adieu ! adieu ! St. Martin’s Lane
Will soon be lost to view ;
The summer’s sun is on the wane,
The cats on house-top mew ;
Yon boy who brought the beer for me
Will soon be out of sight ;
And gas-light shines on all I see, —
St. Martin’s Lane, “ good night.”

“ Farewell my lofty residence !
To-morrow morn we part ;
And none will know that I am hence
Save Betsy Jane and Smart.
I wish *that* Mrs. Smart away ;
She's constantly in view,
And told me, only yesterday,
Three quarters' rent was due.

“ Oh ! then adieu my attic home !
Where Fancy I invoke,
And through Pierian pastures roam,
Midst chimney-pots and smoke :
Thy sloping roof and walls so thin
My mortal limbs confine ;
Still room enough I've found within
For all the Muses Nine.

“ Melpomene the bed would fill,
With grave majestic air,
Clio upon the window sill,
Euterpe on the chair ;
One in my glass surveyed her charms,
Four sat upon the floor ;
And dear Thalia in my arms,
The Muse that I adore.

“ A few short hours and I must leave
This scene of Fancy's birth ;
And Betsy Jane, poor girl, will grieve
O'er my deserted hearth.

Farewell regrets ! no more I'll mourn,
But sit me down and sup ;
For I must leave at early dawn,
Ere Mrs. Smart is up.

“Come hither, hither, Betsy Jane,
Unto my voice attend :
I trust I shall not leave in vain
My other shirt to mend.
And oh ! when I from home have strayed,
On Mammon call and say,
For the last lyrics that I made
There's two and nine to pay.”

“Oh, Mr. Morbid, do not fear ;
Of me you shan't complain ;
But I shall shed full many a tear
Ere you come back again.”
“Enough, enough, my Betsy Jane,
Though now I say good bye,
I shall not from thee long remain,
So tears are all my eye.

“Then fare thee well, my faithful Bet !
I'll surely think of thee,
To-morrow when the sun has set,
And I have had my tea.
This parting should not give thee pain,
For I'll return all right,
As scissors part to meet again.
So, Betsy Jane, ‘good night.’”

CANTO II.



I.

I STOOD in London, on its *Bridge of size*,
A steamboat and a railway on each hand ;
Now on the left the iron chimneys rise,
And to the right the railway portals stand,
Inviting travellers o'er sea or land ;
North, South, East, West, the huge hive sends out swarms ;
In streams of locomotion they expand,
And, like Briareus with his many arms,
Encircle the whole earth, and lure her to its charms.

II.

A ceaseless din, of wheel and horse's hoof, —
Cabs, carts, and carriages, in endless rattle, —
With twelve inside and twenty on the roof, —
Men, women, children, donkeys, sheep, and cattle —
All crowd together, fighting this life's battle.
Steamboats for Hungerford or Gibraltar,
Letting off steam with an incessant rattle.
Woe to the passenger whose steps should falter,
Instead of Greenwich Pier, he'll find he's shipped for Malta.

III.

Job Morbid leaned him o'er the bridge's side,
In moody silence watched the steamboat strife :
A captain swearing he should lose the tide, —
A frantic husband calling for his wife, —
A lover parting from his more than life, —
A nurse and baby, who behind would lag, —
And men called porters, for imposture rife,
Seize on your luggage, which away they drag,
And send your trunk to Rome, to Greece your carpet-bag.

IV.

How small a spark will light up Fancy's fire !
How dreaming Poets catch at floating straws !
Imagination will, at their desire,
Upset the first of Reason's standing laws,
And make effect far greater than its cause.
The steamboat Argo was enough to hasten
Job's fervid fancy on without a pause ;
And when he saw the steward with a bason,
He saw the Golden Fleece, the Argonauts, and Jason.

V.

He saw the Argo land on Lemnos Isle,
He saw the husbands murdered by their wives,
How Jason did Hypsipyle beguile,
And how the Argonauts nigh lost their lives,
While with fierce Cyzicus bold Jason strives ;
How that as love destroyed Medea's peace,
(When Jason at her father's court arrives),
She caused the dragon's watchfulness to cease,
That he might climb the tree, and gain the Golden Fleece.

VI.

He saw bold Jason in Creusa's arms,
False to Medea and his marriage ties ;
He saw the wife, by her foul magic charms,
Murder her sons before their father's eyes,
Whilst in a poisoned veil Creusa dies ;
He saw Medea with Achilles wed,
When to Elysium from the earth she flies,
To try the marriage state among the dead ;
He saw the Argo's beam fall down on Jason's head.

VII.

Thus lost in reverie and Fancy's maze,
To ages past the Pilgrim's soul would fly,
There revel in romance of classic days,
Till called to action by this sturdy cry,
"Now then, you stop the way, — move on, pass by."
He turned and saw Policeman F 15.,
With no poetic frenzy in his eye,
But with that steady look, which, if once seen,
Suggests this solid phrase, "Now what I say I mean."

VIII.

As when the fowler strikes the soaring bird,
And brings it headlong to substantial earth,
So Morbid, struck by the policeman's word,
Quick in a Greenwich steamboat took a berth,
To view that Palace, England's pride and worth.
In regal halls, from every care released,
Great Nelson's warriors live in ease and mirth,
And where the veterans hold their daily feast,
"Monarchs have dined, and deemed their dignity increased."

IX.

“ Brave son of Albion, thou shalt never lack
A country’s gratitude, when age mature
Bows thy strong arm, but cannot turn thy back
On foe ; thou who the toils of war endure
To make thy country’s freedom more secure.”
Thus spoke Job Morbid to a veteran rough,
Who curtly answered, “ That aint true, I’m sure ;
The beer they gives us is poor washy stuff,
The mutton’s bil’d too much, the grog aint strong enough.”

X.

Now disappointment fills the Pilgrim’s mind,
The tar’s ingratitude caused grief profound ;
So, sick of all the world (and having dined),
He strayed to Greenwich Pier, and quickly found
A London steamer that was homeward bound.
Once on the deck, to suit his mind’s disease,
This mournful lay he from his brain unwound ;
For morbid sentiment flowed forth with ease,
As indigestion helped, from eating too much cheese.

TO THOMASINA.

No smile can move my features now,
 (For dark misgivings crowd my brain),
As when I gazed on thy fair brow,
 Last time we walked out in the rain.

When gingham umbrella's shade
Cast greenish shadows o'er thy face ;
When every footstep that you made,
Splashed in the mud with fairy grace.

Of such delights I dare not dream,
Such hopes and thoughts I must forsake ;
Though well I recollect the stream
That trickled from my "Wide-awake."

Oh ! could I to that day revert,
And that dear scene again discuss,
When, covered o'er with wet and dirt,
I put you in the omnibus !

Although t'were joy with thee to ride,
Yet still I felt a settled gloom,
And when I counted twelve inside,
I wished the omnibus a "Brougham."

I bear within my breast of woe,
A heart corroded in its youth,
Which hopeless mortals only know
Is worse than a corroded tooth.

Ah ! why then probe my troubled mind ?
But one dark hint I'll give to thee :
In "pills of Holloway" you'll find
The cause of gloominess in me.

"It is not love, it is not hate,"
But that deep sentimental sorrow,
Young ladies feel, who, supping late,
Have indigestion on the morrow.

Then, Thomasina, that I may
My sentimental soul awake,
I'll sing that sweet romantic lay
Thou wrot'st from eating too much cake.



THOMASINA'S L—E—G.*

OH ! I would live in Arctic gloom,
And on some iceberg lay my head,
Or sleep where forest flowers bloom, —
There's no romance in feather bed.

Or, as some warrior chieftain's wife
I'd thread the forest's winding ways ;
In Nature's lap I'd pass my life,
And leave off wearing formal stays.

* It is presumed that Miss Thomasina means *Elegy*. To write it L—E—G may be all very well under the influence of a sentimental *spell*, but it is very bad orthography.—*Printer's Devil*.

I'd gaze upon the rushing stream,
And hear the wind through tree tops rustle,
In that dark sombre land of dream
Where ladies never wear a bustle.

There on some flow'ry bank I'd rest,
And listen to the warblers' sonnets,
With flowing tresses all undressed,
And spurn those worldly-minded bonnets.

My woodland home, with moss o'erspread,
In plaintive song I would extol ;
With trees umbrageous o'er my head
Instead of patent parasol.

I'd roam through this divine retreat,
Where Nature every charm reveals,
With moccasins upon my feet,
Not boots with military heels.

There Flora spreads out all she loves,
And asks you to partecipate,
Without the risk of spoiling gloves,
Or dressing for a flower fête.

Oh ! if I lived in such a place,
I'd dress like some young Indian queen ;
For leaves and feathers show more grace
Than artificial Crinoline.

But I am doomed to live a slave,
To worldly comforts I must bow ;
And Nature's love, for which I crave,
Is centred in a small *Bow-wow*.

The faithless world has dried those springs
Which gushed and gurgled in my heart ;
And to my soul "Distemper" sings,
"Fidèle and thou ere long must part."

END OF SECOND CANTO.

CANTO III.



I.

Who has not felt that fascinating power
Which leads us back to scenes of former days,
Whether their fruit to us be sweet or sour,
Or calls on memory for hate or praise?
Still to the past mankind his homage pays.
'T was some such subtle influence that led
Job Morbid eastward through the crowded ways,
Where gaudy shops, their plate glass radiance shed
O'er things, the names of which were in his Lyrics read.

II.

The Coat all outward show and devils dust, —
The Sable muff a wretched cat's skin dyed, —
The "Albert tie" a thing of pure disgust, —
The Trowsers split when you would mount to ride, —
The Boots that always break out at the side, —
The Parasols called silk but only cotton, —
The Gold chains gilt their solid brass to hide, —
The Shirts by starving wages misbegotten, —
Mix in one gaudy glare, whilst all beneath is rotten.

III.

“Temples of Mammon ! Halls of outward show !
 Above, all prosperous in light and glaze,
 But dark with grinding tyranny below;
 Oh ! how I hate your meretricious blaze,
 And grieve for having written in your praise.
 Oh ! now I feel I could anathematize
 Such grasping, grinding, crushing, cruel ways,
 Of hoarding wealth, and making mansions rise,
 On man's hard toil for food, and weary woman's sighs.

IV.

Ye trading whirlpools, in the sea of gain,
 Ye muddy rivers, in your waters vile
 How many a gentle rivulet you drain,
 Whose pebbly course would in the sunshine smile,
 Did not your choking mud its stream defile.
 Such is young Ellen, gentle-hearted maid,
 Like Ariadne left on Naxos' isle,
 Though by her labour, not her love betrayed,
 A wealth-deserted girl, by Mammon badly paid.

V.

“Farewell Mæcenas of my early verse !
 No more for thee Job Morbid strikes the lyre :
 No child of Fancy can thy bosom nurse,
 Save fancy vests for flashy men's attire,
 And fancy coats which little gents admire.” —
 Then having quenched his eloquence in beer,
 The Pilgrim's steps towards the West retire :
 He passed the *Poultry*, where no *fowls* appear,
 And walked along *Cheapside*, where everything is *dear*.

VI.

On the great Post Office the Pilgrim gazed,
And thus soliloquised : “ Oh mighty pile !
Like some huge heart by England's commerce raised,
To keep up circulation through the isle,
Exciting Hope and Fear, the sigh, the tear, the smile ;
Within thy walls, protected by a seal,
Lie lovers' vows, and lawyers' letters vile,
The state intrigue, the tailor's dull appeal :—
All human thoughts and hopes thy letters could reveal.

VII.

“ And thou, St. Paul's, rearing thy stately head,
In graceful elegance and grandeur vast,
A proud mausoleum o'er the mighty dead,
Of whom great Wellington is now the last :
Long may thy record tell their glories past !
Thy graceful walls true genius attest ;
In fairest mould and true proportions cast,
The ponderous masses lightly seem to rest.
Oh most miraculous *Wren* to build so huge a nest ! ”

VIII.

While thus he gazed upon the structure vast,
Deep contemplation seized the Pilgrim bard ;
But for a moment only could it last :
Even Poetic Fancy finds it hard
To worship Beauty in St. Paul's Churchyard,
Where every new-born sentiment must die,
Crushed by the hawkers' callous disregard
For all save what they pester you to buy,
And where stentorian “ Cads ” all with each other vie.

IX.

The human tide was setting to the West ;
The well-known cry, "move on," assails his ear ;
So Morbid's prudence told him it were best
Down with the stream his present course to steer,
Nor loiter more until the way were clear.
As when some boatman, driven to despair,
Floats with the current in its mad career,
So Morbid floated till he came to where
The mortal stream expands in broad Trafalgar Square.

X.

Here a tall monument, scarce yet complete,
Though hard it is to recollect the date
When the first stone was settled in its seat,
Or the long years in a neglected state,
For want of money, it was doomed to wait.
Well may a Briton blush on being told,
In wealthy England, such should be the fate
Of Nelson's Column ; and that we have sold
A share in his great name for Russia's slavish gold.*

XI.

Ungrateful England ! Nelson sleeps beside
His warrior brother Wellington, 'tis true ;
But this was done to gratify thy pride.
Still to his name a heavy debt is due :
The soldier lived, the sailor died for you.

* The Emperor of Russia subscribed 500*l.* towards the Nelson Monument.

Unto the soldier's child England has brought her
 Most valued gifts ; but for her sailor true
 (Whose death in Victory ended naval slaughter),
 Neglects his last bequest, — his only child, his daughter.*

XII.

Hail glorious Abbey of old Westminster !
 Thy ancient walls far older fancies bring,
 Though they themselves to ages past refer,
 When England's fourth Plantagenet was king.
 Would I could worthily thy praises sing !
 Well might thy Abbot, in the pride of power,
 Contempt on Wickliff and his Lollards fling,
 For then indeed far distant was the hour
 When that great storm should burst, which then began to lower.

XIII.

Here, when the prayer ascends to Heaven's Throne,
 In choral hymn and organ's solemn peal,
 Floating on waves of harmony alone,
 What holy feelings o'er the senses steal,
 Forcing the sinner to bow low and kneel !
 Here Britain shrines those names which now adorn her
 Historic page. 'Twas Nelson's last appeal.
 What pure ambition here to draw his mourner !
 Thus Morbid's train of thought led on to *Poets' Corner*.

* Nelson formally bequeathed his daughter to the care of his country before going into action at Trafalgar.

N.B. We accepted the victory he bequeathed us because it was very profitable ; but we declined the daughter, because she might be expensive. — *Printer's Devil*.

XIV.

The Pilgrim left the Poets' last retreat,
To gaze on Barry's yet unfinished pile,
In all its details most minutely neat,
Vast in its size and pretty in its style ;
Where zealous Commons midnight hours beguile ;
Here Tories, Whigs, and Radicals debate,
And ex-officials ministers revile :
Each has his panacea for the State, —
Reform Bill, Malt Dues, Ballot, Income Tax, Church Rate.

XV.

Here is the workshop of that grand machine,
The Constitution ; which, like some huge wheel,
Despite impediment rolls on serene :
The Throne the Nave, or centre of its weal,
To which all other parts for strength appeal ;
The Spokes the Lords ; the Commons form the Tire ;
The Fellows ministers, who join and seal
That wholesome system we so much admire.
Keep but the *Tire* sound, the wheel will work entire.*

XVI.

Fair Parks of London ! free from dust and mud,
The sulph'rous atmosphere is here exhaled ;
Here modest flowers may presume to bud,
No longer by its blighting kiss assailed,
Whene'er they venture to peep out unveiled.
Here gentle hearts with hope and doubt are beating,
Fearful their assignation may have failed,
Till murmured sounds of love and happy greeting
Lift from the heart its weight, and sanctify the meeting.

* Rather a *tiresome* stanza this. — *P. D.*

XVII.

There is a pleasure in St James's Park ;
There is a rapture in its soft repose ;
There is a fountain worthy of remark ;
There is society which no one knows ;
There is an hour when the gates should close ;
There is a barrack for the guardsmen there ;
There is a Palace which its bounds enclose,
The stone of which seems never in repair,
Of a complexion bad, but painted to look fair.

XVIII.

Still 'tis a casket which contains a gem
Of priceless value, England's much loved Queen,
A light to all who wear the diadem ;
Here the true form of royalty is seen,
Framed on a people's love, no time can wean.
Crowned with their love, enthronèd on their hearts,
Free from all hostile care, she reigns serene.
Oh ! such Regalia more true power imparts
Than standing army's might, or diplomatic arts.

XIX.

Monarchs of Europe ! do ye wish to clear
The rocks and quicksands that beset your course ?
Here is the beacon light by which to steer,
Here the fair Pilot your most sure resource ;
Love has more pow'r to rule than fear or force.
Would ye be Despots ? still here learn the way,
Love is all absolute, the very source
Of healthful pow'r. Nursed in its warm bright ray,
Our happy Queen shall find no limit to her sway.

XX.

The listless Pilgrim sauntered through "May Fair,"
And caught the light from many a beaming eye :
He saw a youthful beauty pass him there,
With big-calved, powdered "Thomas" walking nigh,
Leading "Fidèle" by a long silken tie.
Hereditary bondsmen ! race servile !
Who would be free, from powdered hair must fly.
'Tis sweet to bask in Beauty's radiant smile,
But not in yellow coat and scarlet breeches vile.

XXI.

The sun had set, the night was closing fast,
The Pilgrim sought his attic home to gain,
When on the stairs young Ellen's room he passed,
(For she existed in St. Martin's Lane,)
In spell-bound attitude he did remain,
For through the crazy door her gentle voice
Fell on his ear in a melodious strain ;
As caged canary-birds at times rejoice,
So Ellen worked and sang, and these words were her choice.

ELLEN'S SONG.

OLD Mammon, old Mammon, you terrible Turk,
How I wish I could live without doing your work ;
From morning till night I am working for thee,
Yet I can't save a penny to buy me some tea.

T'is lucky for me, that my fingers are nimble,
Although I must work with a hole in my thimble,
For I've made up my mind that I won't buy another,
Till I've paid for a pair of new shoes for dear mother.

But such very hard work is a very hard case,
For a girl like myself with a very good face :
As nobody hears me, they can't say I'm vain ;
But why should I say that a pretty girl's plain ?

In that sweet little bonnet, on which I so dote,
With my polka pelisse, and my stiff petticoat,
I certainly see, when I look in the glass,
What the young men would say was a nice little lass.

But how shall I answer my lover Joe Wiggins ?
He wants me to go with him out to the diggins ;
To be called Mrs. Wiggins sounds rather uncouth,
But what's in a name, when dear Joe's a nice youth.

I feel I could love him if I had but the time.
Oh ! to think about loving is something sublime ;
The very thought lights up the heart with a glow,
For love seems with happiness always to go.

To have some one to love you, and call you his own,
And to know that you're not in this world all alone !
Oh ! I feel that God made us for something like this,
And that love is the best of all earthly bliss.

When the heart is o'erflowing with joy or grief,
Oh think what a heavenly source of relief,
On a husband's dear bosom its torrent to pour,
And feel by his pressure he loves you the more.

Heighho !—to the diggins I think I must go,
This working for Mammon is certainly slow ;
And though I can't work with a pick or a ladle,
A woman by instinct can best rock a cradle.

Then if I 've a baby, I'll christen it Nugget :
The sweet little soul, oh ! how fondly I'll hug it.
For it and dear Joe, I'll be busy all day,
And have some one to love me while he is away.

I ask not for pleasures, which riches supply,
With love I would labour for all that I buy,
For in love and in labour if I do my best,
I doubt not kind Providence will do the rest.

To the labour of love we don't wearily go.
If my heart could speak out, it would tell you, dear Joe,
The delight of my life would be working for you,
Instead of old Mammon, the stingy old Jew.

CANTO IV.



I.

BRIGHTON, sweet Brighton, atmosphere for love !
Thy fresh sea breeze bears love upon its wings ;
And from thy downs, in the blue vault above,
His song of love the soaring skylark sings,
Whilst from his furze-bush nest he upward springs :
Where riding masters live in Paradise,
And ladies ride, like caravans, in strings,
Through rain and mud, dirt, wind, snow, hail, or ice,
In wide-awake and hat, or bonnet more precise.

II.

Job Morbid basked him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there in a small one-horse fly ;
For now the bathing season had begun,
And thousands on the warm beach walk or lie,
Whose gay bright dresses with the rainbow vie.
Here fair girls throw themselves in Neptune's arms,
But the old Sea King, being somewhat shy,
Sends gentle dancing waves to lave their charms,
Whilst he the boisterous sea and wild rude wind disarms.

III.

The day was hot, the sea was calm and clear,
Romance and bathing filled the Pilgrim's mind ;
Like bold Leander he could now appear,
And many a Hero in the row boats find,
With which the men's machines in front are lined,
Like to a female coast-guard or blockade,
To stop all swimmers if for France inclined :
Bold is the unarmed man that's not afraid
To face those peeping eyes, 'neath parasols arrayed.

IV.

Oh ! 'tis a fair and pleasant sight to view
The Brighton sea beach in its jubilee ;
When white-winged pleasure boats their course pursue,
And many colours dot the deep blue sea,
Whose placid bosom breathes security.
There, in the sunshine of meridian day,
Young bright-eyed maidens gambol gay and free,
And tempt with coy steps the amorous spray,
Till from a sparkling kiss they blushing turn away.

V.

“ Sail on the water, Sir ? nice breeze to-day :
The schooner Skylark is the fastest boat :
That's her, Sir, now a getting under way, —
You're jist in time afore they gets afloat.”
Thus spoke a sailor from his husky throat,
To tempt the Pilgrim to a pleasure sail.
How could he better now his time devote ?
So having let such eloquence prevail,
Soon o'er the sea he glides before a gentle gale.

VI.

Swiftly the crowded schooner sails along ;
The sea is smooth, the wind is fresh and fair :
The pleasure party form a merry throng
Of bright-eyed girls, and gents with greasy hair
(Whose bad cigars drive others to despair) ;
Of little boys with lumps of sugar candy,
Their stomachs for sea sickness to prepare ;
And ladies with a little basket handy,
Containing buns and cakes, or the more needful brandy.

VII.

Mark you that couple which the foresails hide,
Leaning together o'er the starboard bow ?
See how he gently draws her to his side :
That maiden listens to a lover's vow,
For tell-tale blushes mount into her brow.
Ah, happy man ! that gentle loving heart
With thine in unison beats fondly now ;
For love can quicker unity impart
Than the electric flash or Mesmer's subtle art.

VIII.

And watch that graceful, pretty little girl,
Intently peering in the deep blue sea ;
She revels now in grottos made of pearl,
Midst rainbow colour'd shells and sea nymphs free,
And thinks a mermaid she should like to be.
Ah ! pretty girl, those graceful thoughts are seeds,
Which soon will blossom into flow'rs with thee,
And bear that fruit on which love always feeds :
With fairy hearts like thine, the lover best succeeds.

IX.

The schooner tacks, the wind is right a-head :
The gents turn pale, cigars have lost their charms ;
The little mermaid wishes she were dead ;
The loving girl lies in a sailor's arms,
No mantling blush her cold damp forehead warms ;
His stomach now has more her lover's care,
He seeks for brandy to allay his qualms,
But finding only a fat sandwich there,
Flies to the schooner's side, in sickness and despair.

X.

My task is o'er, my pilgrimage is done.
To thee, Thalia, Morbid bids farewell.
Yet ere we part remember there is one
Whose image ever in his heart must dwell,
Where burns a flame, which time can never quell ;
Then, gentle Muse, I pray thee sing once more,
And cause the music of thy lyre to swell
In praise of Brighton and its beach-bound shore,
And in that one dear heart thy parting cadence pour.

The beach-bound walls of Brighton cliff
Frown o'er the wide majestic sea,
And from their height the pleasure skiff
Seems dancing onward bright and free :
There's many a heart in that gay boat,
Its cheerful brightness cannot share,
But wishes it were not afloat,
To suffer from the " Mal de mer ;"
Oh ! this bright scene were joy to me,
If shared in, dearest love, with thee.

The wavy downs, whose surface, spread
With fragrant thyme o'er hill and vale,
That springs beneath your horse's tread,
And sheds its perfume on the gale ;
That tempts the wild exciting ride,
Which adds new fire to beaming eyes,
Whilst glowing blood, with lover's pride,
To Beauty's cheek impetuous flies,
There mantling with each rapid stride,
We gallop onward side by side.

Or in that hour of calm repose,
When Phœbus sinks beneath the west,
To watch the waters o'er him close,
And feel a dreamy soothing rest ;
While from the undulating sea
A gentle murmur, low and calm,
Whispers soft notes of love and thee,
And wraps me spell-bound in the charm ;
Then would I on the beach recline,
With thy dear gentle hand in mine.

Thus linked in love's electric chain,
And lost in blissful reverie,
I'd listen to the mystic strain,
Like vocal music from the sea ;
And trace the burden of its song
To hope, affection, truth, and love, —
Sweet blessings which to earth belong,
And lead to greater joys above ;
While through the melody I hear
Thy voice, to me so fondly dear.

MORBID SENTIMENT.

Dramatis Personæ.

THOMASINA MORIBUND, *a hypersentimental young Lady.*

MARY MAYFLOWER, *Thomasina's Maid.*

BILL SPOONER, *a Man-servant (just emerged from the chrysalis state of Page), in love with Mary.*

Morbid Sentiment.

A BURLESQUE DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.



Enter THOMASINA and MARY.

THOMASINA.

MARY, since my canary bird was ill,
I find my heart is losing its freewill ;
It yearns for something, seems to want repose ;
But what that something is, Fate only knows :
And as this dread vacuity grows worse,
I often feel I'd like to be a nurse.
Oh! my poor aching heart would fain aspire
To supersede all those who nurse for hire :
Save the poor patient from some "Sarah Gamp,"
Or "Betsy Prig," or wretches of like stamp, —
Wretches who, heartless, ignorant, and cruel,
Drink his port wine, drop snuff into his gruel,
Smelling of gin, half drunk and half awake,
Give him some "embrocation" by mistake,
And rub his wounded limbs with what he ought to take

MARY.

Of course, Miss Thomasina, as *you* please,
I can't say I've much fancy for disease.
A "Sarah Gamp's" a shocking, foul disgrace,
But why should *ladies* therefore take her place?
Many a female, full of love and truth,
Lives nearly starving through laborious youth,
Breaks down in middle age, pines and decays,
And in some workhouse ends her wretched days.
Seek out such women, save them from despair,
They will be subjects worthy of your care ;
Train them as nurses, teach them to treat sores,
And surgeons won't consider *them* mere bores.
You may find hearts brimful of soft humility
Outside the magic circle of gentility.
No youthful lady's duty, I suppose, is
With all the wretchedness disease discloses :
Let others do this work; you give the money,
As flowers find the working bees with honey.

THOMASINA.

Oh! from your lips your mundane fancies fling
The heavenly nectar "sentiment" would bring :
Your mind still grovels in the dust of earth ;
No germ of Sentiment can there find birth.
But tell me of my bird—does it appear
That we must lay him on a funeral bier?
Does his soft plumage droop in early death?
Is that voice mute to which my care gave breath?
Am I condemned these dregs of grief to swallow?
Like all my other hopes, does this prove hollow?
Say! must I in funeral sables mourn?

MARY.

Yes, Dickey of the Pip is really gone.

THOMASINA.

Leave me then, Mary, for this weight of grief
Looks not to friendly solace for relief.
Yet stay awhile, perchance some spark of soul
Lives in thy heart, beyond thine own control ;
Let me then seek to fan it into flame
And brand thy heart in Sentiment's great name.
Mary, love not ; all things you love must die.

MARY.

So the song says, Miss ; that I won't deny.

THOMASINA.

There is an ardent spirit in that song.

MARY.

But "ardent spirits," Miss, are surely wrong.

THOMASINA.

Mary, I fear in this your state of mind,
The seeds of Sentiment no soil can find.
Farewell ! but mark ! if Spooner you should love,
He dies as sure as there are stars above.

Exit THOMASINA.

MARY.

Bother this Sentiment ! its gross abuse
With my young lady plays the very deuce.
Her heart, like all our hearts, is full of love,

And was ordained to be so from above ;
But hers is restive, does not like control,
And this, she says, is Sentiment of soul.
She longs for something, but she knows not what.
She longs for love, in fact ; a happy lot,
If once directed in its proper course,
If not it runs to folly, or perhaps worse :
Its proper course is to the other sex,
Whom we 're at liberty to love and vex.
Than run such dreadful risks, I'm sure I'd sooner
Give all my love to Mr. William Spooner.
For this I know—a woman can't do wrong
To love a man who loves her very strong.
Here's Bill !—I'll try Miss Thomasina's plan,
And make him sentimental if I can.

Enter BILL.

BILL.

Good morning, Mary ! why how nice you look !
You 're dressed as smartly as a well-bound book.

MARY.

Be quiet, Bill, I want to heave a sigh.
Heigh-ho ! — Love not, for all you love must die.

BILL.

Come Mary, none of that,—that's all my eye,
Or will be, if you 're going for to cry.

MARY.

I aint a crying, stupid. O you sot !
That's sentimental poetry — “ Love not.”

A very fashionable lady wrote it,
And all young ladies now delight to quote it.
All things you love must die, and so I tell you ;
But if you won't believe, I can't compel you.
This very dress you like so, by and bye—
'Tis such a love — I'm sure that it will *dye*.

BILL.

Well, Mary, honour bright, I must confess
I'd die myself if I could be that dress,
And love you dearly,—which the dress can't do,—
If I might only stick as close to you.

MARY.

Come, Mr. William, that was gallant spoke,
But I suppose you only meant to joke.

BILL.

As true as pigs is pigs, I'd risk my life
If I could get you, Mary, for my wife.

MARY (*aside*).

As true as pigs is pigs ! well, I'm content
To have a husband without Sentiment.
(*Aloud*) Well, Bill, although you 're not a polished mau,
I'll try and love you, — if I *try* I *can*.

BILL.

Come Mary, seal the bargain with a kiss.

MARY.

No ! No !—I'm off to wait upon my miss.*

Bill steals a kiss.

That's very rude,—you should know better,—fye !

You've tumbled all my collar.—There ! goodbye !

Lets Bill kiss her, and runs off.

BILL.

There's no mistake about it — I'm in love,

And feel as gentle as a sucking dove.

This feeling's rather spoony, I must own,

And very troublesome when one's alone.

Talk of the "rights of women !" If they choose

To make men love them, no one can refuse

To serve and worship them ; why, then,

Women can play at nine-pins with the men.

Exit BILL.

Enter THOMASINA, reading "Lalla Rookh."

(*Reads.*) "I never nursed a dear gazelle

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well

And love me, it was sure to die."

Shuts the book.

Poor gentle Hinda ! sisters now in woe,

Our hearts with sympathy of sorrows flow,

As two pure fountains, overcharged with grief,

Let fall their tear drops for the heart's relief :

* Mary seems to know that two negatives make an affirmative.— *Printer's Devil.*

We hear afar each other's mournful rill
Make solemn music ; drop by drop they fill
To overflowing ; then with headlong force
Scatter our hopes and yearnings in their course,
Until at last, plunged in the ocean wave,
Our hopes lie buried in some coral cave.
Oh Hinda ! Zephyr hears thy mournful groan,
And my poor bosom claims it for its own ;
But still my grief is heavier far than thine,—
Thy loss was sentimental, not so mine.
Perchance some sweet romantic death befell
Thy dearly loved, thy loving fond, gazelle ;
It may have been, whilst through the woods she fled,
Diana's winged arrow struck her dead ;
Or as she killed her lover in her scorn,
As Actæon died, so died your gentle fawn ;
But my poor ruined heart, in seeking rest
No longer finds in Sentiment a nest.
Oh wretched word to pass a loving lip—
My love, my darling, died of vulgar *pip* !

Exit.

Enter BILL and MARY.

MARY.

No, Bill, you're too impatient. Go away !
For years and years I will not fix the day.

BILL.

O Mary ! don't be cruel, don't say so :
I've lost my appetite, I'm getting low ;
My waistcoat 's much too loose ; only look here,—
Besides, I've lost all relish for the beer.

My heart beats quick : I find I'm short of breath, —
You would not surely, Mary, be my death.

MARY.

The wedding shan't take place till I am willing :
You men in love affairs take lots of killing.

BILL.

When you read this, you'll think it rather shocking :—
“ A man found dead and hanging by his stocking.
“ The jury's verdict is : ‘ He got his gruel
“ ‘ Because his sweetheart Mary was so cruel.’ ”

MARY.

Stuff, Bill, you want to frighten me, I know ;
But if you want to hang yourself, why go.
I'll give my Missis warning, in which case,
You know I can't be stopping out of place.
If you can't take a hint, you're very stupid,
And not a victim yet to little Cupid.

Exit MARY.

BILL.

Hurra ! she's nailed as sure as I'm a sinner.
Well, now I've got some appetite for dinner ;
But while I feel myself so light and airy,
I'll go and write some poetry for Mary.

Exit BILL.

Enter THOMASINA, reading (from the Sicilian Bride) the Sorrows of the Heart.

THOMASINA (*reads*).

“ Thy beauty, while it thrills my soul,
Can not dispel its gloom ;
But beams with a deceptive light,
Like roses on a tomb.”

THOMASINA.

Ah me ! this poetry is quite consoling.
I see the poet's eye in frenzy rolling,
Whilst from him gush the sorrows of his heart,
And these deep mystic words his grief impart.
What splendid metaphor ! what thrilling gloom !
Deceptive roses smiling on a tomb !

Enter MARY.

Come hither, Mary, whilst again I make
One last attempt thy feelings to awake.
Listen attentively, and I will read
That which must cause thy callous heart to bleed :
How sweetly sorrowful the verses run —
Surely the Muses love to feed on B—n !

MARY.

I like their taste, Miss ; *buns* are very nice,—
A plummy bun, with just a little spice.

THOMASINA.

O Mary ! do not so distort ideas :
You should have shed some sympathetic tears.
The song is called “ The Sorrows of the Heart : ”
Its name alone should make the tear-drop start.

THOMASINA (*reads*).

“ Thy beauty, while it thrills my soul,
Can not dispel its gloom ;
But beams with a deceptive light,
Like roses on a tomb.
And yet, by thee beguil'd, enchain'd,
I still would at its shrine,

To win thy love, lay down my life,
 My fame, to call thee mine.
 Then lady, while thy radiant smiles
 Each stricken sense subdue,
 O may they, as they rend the heart,
 Allay its sorrows too !”

MARY.

My goodness gracious! only think what fun!
 I've got some poetry that Bill has done :
 It sounds like yours, but William dare n't presume
 To write to me of roses on a tomb.

MARY produces a love effusion of Bill's, and reads.

“ Thy beauty, while it fills my heart,
 Won't fill my stomach too :
 I always lose my appetite
 When thinking, love, of you.
 And yet by thee, though tied and chained,
 I still would, when I dine,
 For thee, my love, lay down my knife
 And fork to call thee mine.
 Then, Mary, while thy lovely smiles
 My appetite subdue,
 O may thy *Billy* do what 's *right*,
 And write a *Billy-do!*” *

THOMASINA.

Mary, I fear that man has turned your head,
 And your few sparks of Sentiment are dead :
 Under which circumstance I doubt me whether
 Two souls so much unlike can live together.

* It is presumed that Mr. Spooner here means “*billet-doux*.” His orthography is more phonetic than correct. — *P. D.*

MARY.

Miss Thomasina, well I think so too ;
But didn't like to break it first to you.
I could not bring myself to tell you sooner
That I'm engaged to marry Mr. Spooner.
Rather than lead a sentimental life
I much prefer the natural one of wife ;
For which I think both you and I were born :
Your Sentiment but takes the heart in pawn,
On which you borrow till it 's so much worn
By frequent pawning, that its value 's gone.
Give your spare love, dear Missis, if you can,
To whom it properly belongs—a man.
Though Mr. William Spooner 's not perfection,
I'm quite contented with my own selection.
There's nothing perfect, so I've heard it said,
And half a loaf is better than no bread :
The man I mean to marry loves me dearly,
And I in turn shall do the same sincerely.
I'm sure a woman's happiest lot in life
Is to be loved by him who makes her wife.

Exit MARY.

THOMASINA.

O what a bleak and dreary scene is life —
Of wrecked affections and of inward strife !
I find no soul can sympathise with mine :
Most mortal hearts ideal love decline.
Oh, I have loved not wisely but too well !
Cankered affections in my bosom dwell.

As when some mountain torrent, past control,
Its onward waves in vast destruction roll :
As when some whirlwind, bursting from the sky,
North, South, East, West, its winged furies fly :
Such are my bursting agonies of soul,
That rush for sympathy from Pole to Pole.
All my affections wrecked, and all in vain,
My spirit groans and weeps, and weeps and groans again.
Talk not of Nature's love. Away ! Away !
Oh that perpetual night would banish day,
And thus deception, hidden from our sight,
Could not with wantonness affection blight !
The gushing feelings of my heart I've moved
Towards creation :—for a Bee I loved ;
I caught the little insect on the wing,
And it returned my love with poisonous sting.
I did not want to rob it of its honey,
But perhaps the little wretch thought stinging funny.
O base Ingratitude ! thou child of earth,
Fed upon fond affections from thy birth ;
In rapine, ruin, reckless riot reared,
How by thy venom has my heart been seared !
I loved the Zephyr once, and wooed his love,
As he came sporting through the space above :
I laid my bosom bare to court his breeze,
It struck my heart, and lo ! it made me sneeze.
Alas ! alas ! for this my love was sold,—
Instead of catching love, I caught a cold.
Tell me not then of love returned on earth,
Where each affection's strangled in its birth.
Once more my soul yearned for requited love,
Betrayed by Nature, and the breeze above.

With gushing heart I now the Ocean court,
And with affection on his bosom sport ;
The monster rises from his sleepy bed,
And makes me sea-sick till I'm nearly dead.
My last fond hope was centred in my bird,
And this, like all the rest, is now interr'd.
Love not ! love not ! all things you love deceive ;
Do not in happiness on earth believe.
Let your affections moulder and decay,
For all that's bright on earth must pass away.
Love nothing ! and be sure that when you die,
There's not a soul on earth will breathe a sigh.

(*Exit THOMASINA.*)

EPILOGUE.

ALTHOUGH the merry Momus I invoke,
Still Morbid Sentiment's in truth no joke ;
'Tis a disease most fatal (so we find)
In the young, sensitive, ideal mind :
Where gentle fancy teems with sweet ideas,
And Morbid Sentiment to it appears
In the alluring guise of something new,
Which sweet ideas could never bring to view.
All novelty at first for its own sake,
Though void of merit, will be sure to take ;
New fashions, polkas, bonnets, all make hits,
And ladies soon recover from such fits.
But Morbid Sentiment is worse by far,—
It spoils the heart, and sets the mind ajar :
As drunkards follow sorrow in her train,
And all their hopes of happiness are vain :
As gaming fastens on some wretched men,
And having ruined, will not leave them then ;
So, Morbid Sentiment, I'm much afraid, is
Bad in effect with many sweet young ladies.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



Miscellaneous Poems.

MY LOVE.

ALL men with hearts come envy me
Whilst I describe "My Love" to thee :—
On her fair form such beauties lie,
She is the Graces' Treasury ;
Around her graceful figure lurk
The fairest gems in Nature's work ;
In her expressive eyes I see
Now pensive love, now sparkling glee ;
Into the heart her glances go
Straight as the dart from Cupid's bow.
What mortal bosom dare defy
The light that sparkles in her eye ?
Her rosy, coy, and pouting smile—
Would Plato's solemn thoughts beguile ;
The pretty blush upon her cheek
Would say—" I love "—if it could speak ;

The pensive sighs her bosom move
Fan to a flame the sparks of love ;
And that fair bosom's gentle swell
Tells of a heart where love can dwell ;
Her flowing hair, so fair and bright,
That falls like streaming rays of light
Around her face, and seems to seek
To kiss the bloom upon her cheek ;
And then her sweet and radiant face,
So bright with ever-changing grace.
How can a heart from love forbear,
And see an angel's portrait there ?
So like the rosebud is her lip,
'T would tempt the honey-bee to sip.
Oh ! fancy, then, what perfect bliss
If one could only steal a kiss ;
Her little feet so lightly tread,
They would not harm a violet-bed.
Ah Psyche ! had but Cupid seen
" *My Love*," a jealous wife you'd been.
Her merry laugh with music rings,
Like silver bells on Zephyr's wings.
Angelic girl ! for one like thee
Orpheus had left Eurydice.

D. R. M. TO G. W. W.



Tenby, Pembrokeshire, 185-.

DEAR W——

'Tis late, and I'm all by myself,
 Having satisfied hunger, that cormorant elf,
 A demand rather trying just after a journey,
 My only companion is Hook's "Gilbert Gurney."
 But my head and my eyes are both tired of reading,
 And I feel, boa-constrictor-like, torpid with feeding.
 For 'tis clear that I have not digested as yet
 A meal I may call "*un thé à la fourchette*.
 And I think you'll admit I have taken enough in,
 Having eaten two large mutton chops and a muffin—
 A meal rather heavy; besides, I've a notion
 Two *chops* in the stomach don't improve locomotion;
 So being inclined for some sedentary fun,
 And I know you enjoy an innocent pun,
 I certainly think that I cannot do better
 To kill the next hour, than write you a letter.

You must know, in my travels, a conquest I made,
 Though, in spite of my vanity, I'm much afraid
 'Twas most on my dress that the *fare* lady doted.
 (I'd a wide-awake hat, and was velveteen coated).

I call her *fare* lady, for, nought to disparage,
She was certainly *fare* in a Great Western carriage ;
But had very small claim in all other respects
To what we call *fair* in the opposite sex.
Her eyes appeared greenish, her features were harsh,
And her lip well endowed with incipient moustache.
To judge from her face, she's a large beef consumer,
And certainly would not look well in a Bloomer.
By-the-by, before now, I undoubtedly should
Have told you her name ; 'twas Amelia Wood.
Now I'm free to admit that a pair of fine eyes
Has a famous effect in producing love-sighs :
But Miss Wood's soft and melting eyes always appear
The effect of indulging too often in beer.
Besides, when the heart in Love's hot furnace glows
'T is seldom it burns for a rubicund nose.
And to judge from its colour there certainly lies
More warmth in Amelia's nose than her eyes ;
Her age I should say was about thirty-nine,—
And now you've a sketch of this charmer of mine.
Our first scene at meeting was highly romantic ;
A dark night, a lamp, and a lady half frantic ;
A porter who tried to appease her in vain,
A Post-office guard, and a Great Western train.
As I'm not a knight-errant, I thought of retreating,
But was quickly stopped short, by the following greeting :
" Is 'nt it shameful, sir ! see what a mess
" This impudent fellow has made of my dress."
(It appeared that the porter, by an unlucky tilt,
Some oil from the lamp on the lady had spilt.)
Thus appealed to, I said the directors were careless ;
That such conduct would soon make their carriages fareless,

That the company's servants were quite uncontrollable :
But despite all my efforts she was not consolable,
And to make matters worse, the rude porter exclaimed,
" A haxidental mishap, sir, aint much to be blamed ;
" Besides, bless her heart, sir, there's nothin' to spoil,
" Such a hold dress aint urt by a little *train* oil."
But in spite of a reason so very conclusive,
The lady insisted the man was abusive.
However, the engine beginning to snort,
Both the time and the quarrel were quickly cut short ;
She thanked me, and said I was much like her brother,
So I shut her in one coach, myself in another,
And rejoicèd at heart, as the carriages started,
To think that Miss Wood and myself had now parted.
Then judge of my great disappointment and sorrow,
When on boarding the steamer at Bristol next morrow,
Behold ! on the deck of the vessel there stood
This very identical lady, Miss Wood ;
And I quickly perceived she intended to bore me,
For she rushed to salute me the moment she saw me ;
Thus proving that very old adage is good
Which says " never holla till out of the *wood*."
I was perfectly savage at being so done,
And sought for revenge by attempting to pun.
I said, " My dear madam, you certainly could
Find others on board more related to Wood.
If you want an acquaintance, there's nothing that hinders
Your claiming relationship now with the cinders ;
For cinders and ashes are always the same,
And an *Ash* is a *wood* and inherits your name.
For another relation you 've not far to go,
There's an (*h*)elm in the ship which is called *Wood* also ;

There's another on shore which is still within reach,
 The one you've just left, your relation, the *Beach*.^{*}
 Then I thought of inflicting a cut from the *Birch*,
 But the ship interfered with a terrible lurch,
 And while seeking again for a pun on a *tree*,
 A little *sick-or-more* † Wood appeared clearly to be.
 You can easily fancy I was not then slow
 To advise her by all means to go down below.
 So she went to the cabin, and there took a peep in
 The places they told her the ladies all sleep in:
 A sort of dinner-tray, nine inches wide,
 At the sight of which bedstead Amelia cried,
 "Do you really suppose I'll submit that myself,
 "At my time of life, should be put on the *shelf*?
 "I never have been (she exclaimed with some scorn)
 "Confined in a berth since the day I was born."
 Though I could not persuade her, sea-sickness could,
 And I saw nothing more of Amelia Wood.
 Now I own that this letter is not very terse,
 And seems to proceed in a ratio *in-verse*;
 For I hope that amusing, agreeable, and plain
In vein it may prove—yet may prove *not in vain*.
 And although to amuse you has been my intent,
 I suppose you'll consider it is *punish-ment*.
 However, my wish to amuse I shall gain,
 For friendship at all events I *entertain*,
 And believe me, Dear W——, I always remain,

Yours faithfully,

D. R. M.

* Query, Beech.

† Query, Sycamore.

Printer's Devil.

TO A BEAUTIFUL SONGSTRESS.



Oh ! I now can believe how Ulysses was led
 To mistrust his own wisdom when tempted by song ;
 How Orpheus entranced all the shades of the dead,
 And led captive the aged, the wise, and the strong.

Thy voice swells the heart, as the beams of the sun
 Expand all the beauties of flowers to view.
 Oh ! dull is the passion that cannot be won
 When entranced in sweet melody flowing from you.

For the two sweetest gifts that fair Nature bestows
 On the works of creation, are Beauty and Song ;
 And if each be so valued, how favoured are those
 To whom both these treasures of Nature belong.

But Nature is sparing of gifts so divine,
 And seldom unites them in one living thing ;
 Though the Birds of the Tropics in brilliancy shine,
 Having Beauty, fair Nature forbids them to sing

Then the nightingale's plumage is sombre in hue,
Possessing no Beauty to dazzle the eye ;
Yet her Song all the passions of man can subdue
And all the bright feathers of Beauty defy.

Oh ! then Nature was bountiful when at thy birth
She resolved that a mortal perfection should be,
Possessing both Treasures most valued on Earth,—
And thus Beauty and Song were united in thee.

BOMBARDIER CANNON TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Before Sebastopol, January, 1855.

DEAR BETSY, you want to know why
 We tō the Crimea were sent ;
 'T was to take it from Russia, or die,
 On which purpose we still are *In-tent*.

'T is no joke, for accepting the Staff,
 We are living in mire and water ;
 Of Rations we only get *half*,
 And the Russians are giving no *quarter*.

The men all get sick from the wet
 And the hardships they have to endure ;
 All the medical treatment they get
 Is a species of *cold-water cure*.

Now Betsy, my darling, don't laugh
 When I tell you no beer we've had yet ;
 Though the rations are all *half-and-half*,
 And in quarters we have *heavy-wet*.

If at night, to avoid some spout,
You seek for a place that is drier,
The moment *one foot* is put out
You find you are *two feet* in mire.

Surely, new boots the poor soldier merits
When his old ones are worn into holes ;
And I'd not give a *Rap* for the *Spirits*
Of soldiers without any *Soles*.

For the boots they've sent out are too small,
There's scarcely a pair of them suits,
We're as well without any at all,
For it's *boot-less* to give us *small boots*.

We all are so wretchedly fed,
Starvation can hardly exceed it ;
Though there ought to be plenty of *bread*,
For all in the hospitals *need* * it.

But hard biscuit, and pork, is the fare,
And cabbages never are seen,
For of all that we get, I declare,
The *coffee's* † the only thing *green*.

This coffee we pound with a shot,
And is either burnt up, or just toasted ;
Though each regiment a *roster* has got,
The coffee has never been *roasted*.

* We presume the Bombadier means knead, — a very low-*bread* pun. — *Printer's Devil*.

† The coffee was served out in the *green* state and *unground*.

Our very moustaches are damp
 From the mire and water all round ;
 There's nothing like *ground* in the camp,
 Where even the coffee ain't *ground*.

We're too weak, now, for heavy "Brown Bess,"
 And to carry young "Minnie," her daughter,
 We ought to have *porter* at mess,
 For without it we cannot *sup-port(h)er*.

I wish we could get better feeding,
 And see what the newspapers said ;
 And any book would (if worth reading)
 As a *Uniform habit* be *re(a)d*.

In a napkin my head I am keeping,
 As I injured one eye in the Sap,
 It is good in *relation* to sleeping,
 For a *napkin's* a *kin to a nap*.

Bang!!! Hurra! while I'm writing, there goes
 A shell from the "Blue Jackets'" quarter.
 There are no better fellows than those
 For sticking like *Bricks to their mortar*.

The enemy, having got range,
 Dropped some shells in the officers' dwelling ;
 And perhaps you will not think it strange
 That a *Colonel* got bruised in the *shelling*.

But it ended without any slaughter,
 And the Colonel they say is not dying ;
 Though a wound that's received from a *mortar*
 Must certainly be *mortar-fying*.*

* *Mortifying* orthography. — *Printer's Devil*.

Our chaplain's the pride of his calling,
So calmly he goes on his way,
Where the shots from the *great guns* are falling,
But he's some *minor canon*, they say.

Minnie Rifle I love, I confess,—
You mus'n't be jealous at this;
Though she's younger than "Bonny Brown Bess,"
With "*old Bess*" you're more sure of a *Miss*."

Farewell, Betsy! I'm ordered for duty,
But I hope, at the end of these wars,
I shall revel in pleasure and beauty
By exchanging my own *arms* for *yours*.

When with you, in oid Britain's dear land,
I've a cottage, and money to stock it,
At the *cradle* I'll lend you a hand,
For I'm now well accustomed to *Rock-et*.

AN APPEAL TO CUPID.



My Love is like a wayward fawn, —
I try to catch her, lo ! she's gone.
She lures me with her magic eyes :
When I approach her, off she flies !
This is thy doing, cruel boy !
Why take my heart to make thy toy ?
If Venus says it shall be thine,
Give me this other heart for mine.
Oh, Cupid ! join me in the chase,
Without thy aid I lose the race.
Come, fashion thou a mystic dart
Wherewith to pierce her to the heart !
And I will weave a wreath to bind,
In softest bond, this gentle hind.
Oh, Love ! if thou wilt make her mine,
I'll be a willing slave of thine :
Devoted, then, my life shall be
To soothe the wound she got of thee !

THE LAMENT OF NARCISSUS.

GREAT Jupiter ! and thou, fair Queen of Love,
 In whose soft bosom all the passions move,
 Pity the anguish of a heart's despair,
 Beyond all grief that mortal strength can bear.
 Let the mute eloquence, as incense rise,
 Of silent tears, and heart-corroding sighs :
 Vain tears, alas ! and sighs that fiercely aid
 To fan the flame of passion unrepaid.
 Oh, ye celestial gods ! in whom I trust,
 Why to a helpless mortal be unjust ?
 Why should a passion, only fit for Heav'n,
 Unto the mortal heart of man be giv'n ?
 Ah ! wretched heart ! by fate condemned to burn
 With love and passion where there's no return,
 Why should I worship, with unceasing pain, }
 And all my pure devotion be in vain, }
 Before an Idol which I cannot gain ? }
 Oh ! could I plunge in Lethe's placid stream, }
 So that the anguish of my heart might seem }
 Dull as the mem'ry of a long-past dream. }
 But I, alas ! to wasting love a prey,
 Must in deep sorrow languish life away.

Love's gentle murmur falls not on my ear,
Nor answers sigh, nor mingles tear with tear ;
No kiss that breathes the essence of the soul,
And frees the spirit from the earth's control ;
No mutual sympathy of mind or heart,
No unity nor loving counterpart.
Oh, wond'rous passion ! most mysterious love !
Soft in thy impulse as the gentle dove ;
But, once the passions of mankind you fill,
Fierce as the eagle in thy cruel will :
No earthly medicine, no human art,
Can cure the anguish of a bleeding heart :
In vain Ambition rears her luring head,
In vain does Glory all her radiance shed ;
Not all the wealth of Lydia's stream can move
The heart when fettered in the chains of love,
Nor quench the fire that feeds within the veins
Where all-absorbing love triumphant reigns.
Such is my fate, and such my load of grief,
That Death alone can bring my soul relief.
Oh, ye great Gods ! in your all-ruling pow'r,
Change this fair body to some beauteous flow'r !
Oh ! Anteros ! thou god of mutual love,
Aid my petition to the gods above ;
So that Hope's visions and Love's dreams may close
Mine eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose ;
Then let me die, and from this flesh's decay
Make flowers bloom upon the sun-lit day,
Shedding their fragrance and soft looks of love
As a pure incense to the gods above.
Sweet flowers ! fairest daughters of the earth,
All gods, all mortals, love ye from your birth ;

Your gentle beauty seems to mortals given
To show the purity that reigns in heaven.
Oh ! what a story of true love is told
As your fair buds their gentle leaves unfold,
And thus lay bare the treasures of a breast
Bursting with beauty, for mankind's behest :
Your gentle life, all perfumed sunny smiles,
Alone the hopeless lover's grief beguiles ;
And your calm death is as the parting ray
In the bright sunset of a summer's day.
Oh, fair creation of a Pow'r divine,
Let me embody Love in form like thine ;
Then, as a flow'r bedecked with modest charms,
Some loving nymph will take me to her arms ;
There let me lie, with all my love repaid,
On the fair bosom of a gentle maid !

THE MOURNER.



HER beautiful face in her loose hair is buried,
 Her fair hands are clasp'd in the throe of despair ;
 The beat of her heart is uncertain and hurried,
 Bereft of the love she had long cherished there.

'T is the day that he died ! what a tumult of feeling
 Oppresses her soul ! as the time passes by,
 The full sense of the loss o'er her fond bosom stealing,
 Bursts forth in a deep-heaving, heart-rending sigh.

And well may she mourn, for a spirit has left her
 Whose affection was tenderness few ever knew ;
 And the cold hand of Death has now sternly bereft her
 Of love the most constant, devoted, and true.

'T was not like some shallow but sparkling streamlet,
 Which each pretty pebble can turn from its course,
 And though brilliant with sunshine its sparkles may seem lit,
 Inconstant and fickle it flows from its source.

Oh no ! 't was a love like a deep flowing river,
Which truthful and silent flows constantly on,
With a depth and a force no obstruction can ever
Displace from the course 't is directed upon.

And hers was that gentle, absorbing affection,
Whose light seems through sorrow so purely to shine ;
As though it were lit by a ray of reflection
From that glorious love in the Presence Divine.

Fair mourner ! I would not intrude on thy grieving.
Time alone has the right to assuage it in part,
Until heavenly Hope, thy deep sorrow relieving,
Shall strike some sweet chord that lies mute in thy heart.

For Hope is the mourner's most exquisite blessing :
It pours its sweet balm into souls that are sad,
And the weary one, soothed by its gentle caressing,
Beholds a bright future in happiness clad.

THE BIRTH OF AFFECTION.



A BEAUTIFUL maid
 On her couch was laid,
 But her fancy was not at rest ;
 By her blush 't would seem
 That her gentle dream
 Was of one whom her heart had blest ;
 And her heavenly soul, as the maiden slept,
 Flew away to a council the angels kept.
 * * * * *
 Four seraphin bright,
 Of those realms of light
 Which the angels of bliss adorn,
 All their glory shed
 O'er a spirit's head,
 For Affection had just been born.
 Now each angel was charged with a gift to bestow,
 Ere Affection went down to the earth below.

FIRST ANGEL.

Spirit of Love, in thee shall lie
 The emblem of eternity ;
 For those who true Affection love
 Shall live again in realms above.

SECOND ANGEL.

I give thee power to control
The fickle impulse of desire,
And to infuse thy gentle soul
In hearts that burn with passion's fire :
For unto earth Affection 's given
To smooth the mortal's path to heav'n.

THIRD ANGEL.

Oh, gentle spirit ! thou shalt prove
The holiest gift to all hearts that love ;
Where'er on earth thou tak'st thy way,
Thou shalt brighten the soul by night or day.
If worldly woe or vice shall dare
To darken the heart whilst thou art there,
Some soothing note thy voice shall sing,
And evils and sorrows will all take wing.

FOURTH ANGEL.

These blessings with which my fair compeers caress thee
Are conferred through Affection on mankind alone ;
Oh then, heaven-born, whilst with them I now bless thee,
The gift I bestow shall be purely thine own ;
For the world now before thee contains sin and sadness,
And love unrequited will wither thy kiss :
When the world shall have ceased, then, in joy and gladness,
Affection shall dwell with the angels of bliss.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Oh ! spirit divine,
All these gifts are thine
And in thee shall the earth be blest ;
The heart that is sad
Thy sweet voice shall glad,
On Affection shall true love rest ;
But 't is hard in a world of deception to tell
In what home on the earth can such purity dwell.

Oh, Seraphin fair !
Give to me that care, —
Sang the soul of the maiden asleep ; —
His spirit shall rest
In my Ladye's breast,
And a watch o'er its safety I'll keep.
Lo ! the angels agreed, and the soul flew away
With its charge, to the couch where the maiden lay.

And it there took part
With the maiden's heart ;
And from its birth, until this day,
In the gentle breast
Of a maiden blest
Sweet Affection has held its sway.
And long in this home on the earth it shall dwell,
To sanctify Love with its mystical spell.

GHULAM HYDER.



IN the Harem's secret chamber
 Sat the lovely Mahadeva, —
 Sat upon her heels as usual,
 Working slippers for her lover,
 Working for her Ghulam Hyder.
 At her feet sat old Bhaónra,
 Who had nursed her from her childhood,
 And who loved her very dearly ;
 But at present rather surly,
 For the rheumatism plagued her :
 Of her aches Bhaónra's thoughts were,
 And the maiden's of her lover.
 Many lovers she rejected,
 Handsome men with large mustachios,
 Handsome men with beards and whiskers ;
 But she said, " I care not for them, —
 Care not for their handsome whiskers,
 Handsome teeth, and eyes, and noses ;
 Ghulam Hyder is more handsome,
 Very handsome's Ghulam Hyder."
 Thus her gentle thoughts were running
 When she broke the silence, saying,
 " Is it not to-night, Bhaónra,

“ Ghulam Hyder is to seek me—
“ Seek me at the chamber casement?
“ Yes, but I am sure I shall not
“ Go to meet him in the garden ;
“ Go and catch my death of cold there,
“ Set my other back-tooth aching.
“ Dear Bhaónra, don’t be cross now :
“ You were once in love, you told me ;
“ Think of that ecstatic time, when
“ Passion slept upon thine eyelids,—
“ When thy heart was like some captive’s,
“ Gentle captive bird that flutters—
“ Flutters to escape from prison,
“ And to fly where all its love is :
“ Think of that, dear old Bhaónra,
“ And let in my Ghulam Hyder.”
Then her nurse Bhaónra answered,
Saying thus : “ Dear Mahadeva,
“ If your love should prove as mine did,
“ You will very soon repent it ;
“ But your father, Abdul Latif,
“ Shall not give his only daughter,
“ Shall not marry you his daughter,
“ To that son of old Mir Kundus ;
“ Vile Mir Kundus, his old vizier,
“ Shall not cheat the king your father
“ Out of his fair only daughter,
“ If Bhaónra can prevent it.”
“ Dearest, kindest old Bhaónra,
“ Now I know that you do love me,
“ Know your heart is warm towards me.”

And she flung her arms around her ;
And the sweet caress she gave her
Would have turned to liquid fire
All the blood of Ghulam Hyder.

From the land of the Latrones
Through the thunder, hail, and lightning,
Through the mud and over mountains,
Galoped onwards Ghulam Hyder :
Mountain torrents could not stop him,
Hassan his good steed would leap them —
Leap o'er ravines, rocks, and rivers,
Nought in Nature could restrain him ;
But the subtle art of Mankind
Can succeed in stopping progress
Far beyond the skill of Nature.
On a sudden, Ghulam Hyder —
Ghulam Hyder, brave and fearless,
Shot like arrow from the bowman
Over Hassan's neck and shoulders ;
Hassan, thrown upon his haunches,
Would not leap a modern turnpike,
Lately introduced among them
By utilitarian England.
Mad with rage, and sorely dirted,
All his whiskers wet and drooping,
All his beauty smeared and grimy,
Thus he spoke the callous pikeman :
" I who care not for the foeman, —
" Care not for the bow or quiver, —
" Care not for the mountain torrent, —
" Care not for the rocks or ravines, —

“My brave Hassan will leap all such ;
“But these posts and rails he sees through,
“And he will not rise to clear them.
“I in haste seek Mahadeva, —
“Seek the soul of all that’s fairest, —
“Instantly your gateway open.”
“Very sorry, can’t obleege you, —
Can’t until you pay the tollage.”
Thus replied the callous pikeman.
Ghulam Hyder had no money —
He would scorn to carry money,
But he gave his rings and jewels,
And the pikeman passed him onward.
On he rushed, and soon arrived at
Abdul Latif’s palace-garden.
To the wall he fastened Hassan —
Hassan lame, and very weary,
Lame from having kicked his shoes off.
Now with breathless panting struggles
Ghulam Hyder mounts the outwork,
Strides the wall that bounds the garden :
But again man’s subtle science
Strewed its thorns across his pathway ;
Dragon’s teeth are mild compared with
Broken bottles stuck in mortar,
And they wounded him most sorely.
What cared he ? all wounds were welcome
Caused by love for Mahadeva ;
But the wound he felt most keenly, —
Worst, unkindest cut of all, — was.
As he slid the other side down,
These glass-bottles tore his breeches.

Now he crept, like subtle tiger,
Through the brushwood and the bushes,
By the rain and darkness blinded,
On he crept with cautious footsteps,
Till he crashed and tumbled headlong
Through a glass-frame, where beneath him
Cucumbers grew in a hot-bed.
“Who goes there?” he heard, and started
Like the wild ass from its cover.
Bang! the rifle-ball flew faster ;
Bang!! again it whistled past him.
Bang!! Bang!!! twice he felt it strike him.
On he rushed, no deer more agile,—
On he rushed, pursuit defying,
Till all sounds were lost in distance,
And the Harem rose before him—
Harem walls, where Mahadeva
Watched and trembled for her lover.

Ghulam Hyder, faint and weary,
On a flower-pot was seated,
To examine where his wounds were—
Where the rifle-balls had struck him.
Fortune favours love and valour :
They had passed through both his stockings,—
Both his stockings they had passed through,
But his legs had not been wounded.
Much refreshed by this assurance,
Now he thought of Mahadeva,
And prepared to serenade her.
As the night was very rainy,
And the garden-path a gutter,

Ghulam Hyder took his seat up,—
Turned it with its up-side downwards,—
Turned it with its bottom upwards,—
On it stood to keep his feet dry ;
(Over shoes had not extended
To the land of the Latrones).
Then he coughed and hemmed a little,
Cleared his tenor voice for singing,
And then warbled sotto voce
For the ear of Mahadeva.

“ Mahadeva ! fairest flower !
“ Doth thy gentle heart not stir thee ?
“ Doth not some mysterious warning
“ Whisper that thy love is near thee ?
“ Yes, I feel thou art not far off.
“ Oh ! my heart is wildly beating,
“ Wildly conscious thou art near me ;
“ Though the Harem wall divides us,
“ Still the fragrance of thy breathing
“ Seems to fill the air around me ;
“ Though the night in darkness hide thee,
“ Still my leaping heart, impatient,
“ Feels that subtle, mad attraction,
“ Mystic proof of mutual loving.
“ O beloved ! now admit me,
“ Or my heart will burst with passion :
“ Nothing now can cure its tumult
“ But to kiss thy fair, calm forehead ;
“ Mingle with thy deep, pure loving,
“ As the mountain torrent mingles
“ With the placid lake in calmness.”

“ Shut your mouth, you stupid blockhead !
“ Do you wish the guards to hear you ?
“ If they do so, you ’ll be lucky
“ Should they only cut your ears off.
“ But you men are always prating,
“ And, at best, are base deceivers.
“ Come, put on this pair of slippers ;
“ Tie these trowsers round your ankles ;
“ Wrap this Cashmere shawl about you ;
“ Hang this veil before your whiskers :
“ Should they see so tall a woman,
“ You will pass for Himalaya : ”
Thus addressed him old Bhaónra.

On they went, with stealthy footsteps,
Ghulam Hyder rather awkward ;
For, though very wide the trowsers,
They were short for Ghulam Hyder :
Round his waist he could not tie them,
Therefore he was forced to hold them.
But, as vile ill-luck would have it,
Ghulam Hyder’s nose was tickled
By the veil that hung before it :
Thoughtless, heedless, very careless,
Ghulam Hyder put his hands up
To rub off the nasal itching ;
And the muslin trowsers, dropping,
Got entangled with his slippers.
“ Who goes there ? ” the guard demanded ;
But Bhaónra quickly answered,
“ Himalaya ’s dropt her slipper.”

“ All well ! pass on, old Bhaónra :
“ Good night, lanky Himalaya ! ”
Was the answer of the soldier.
Now, in safety, old Bhaónra
Grumbled thus to Ghulam Hyder :—
“ Well, I see this love will give to
“ Old Mirkundus— vile old villain—
“ An excuse to cut my head off.”
“ If he does, I swear profoundly
“ He shall lose his own next minute,”
Said the gallant Ghulam Hyder.
“ Very like a lover’s reason :
“ Will his vile head fit my shoulders ?
“ Come ! go in to Mahedeva,
“ She will listen to your nonsense.”

In the Harem’s deep recesses
Sat the shrinking Mahadeva, —
Shrinking like a timid fawn there
As she heard her lover’s footsteps :
But her heart was very happy,
Though it fluttered quite uncertain,
Filled with hope, and fear, and loving :
And she trembled with a feeling
Only felt by youthful passion
In a gentle maiden’s bosom,
Waiting to receive her lover.
To his breast bold Ghulam Hyder
Pressed her swelling heart with rapture,
Showered kisses on her forehead,
Gazed beneath her silken eyelash,
Spoke of love to last for ever.

But his words were incoherent
To her happy mind bewildered,
Till he said, in clearer accents :
“ Fly with me, sweet Mahadeva, —
“ Fly, to where our mountain passes
“ Bid defiance to pursuers.
“ Fly with me !—my bold steed, Hassan,
“ Proud to bear so sweet a burden,
“ Shall surpass the wind in swiftmess.”

All in tears, sweet Mahadeva
Raised her eyes to his, imploring,
And in broken accents faltered :
“ Dearest ! do not press my flying.
“ Oh ! my heart can not refuse you,
“ But t’will break to leave my father,
“ For I love him very dearly,
“ And I feel he loves me also ;
“ Oh ! how hard that love and duty
“ Should so seldom go together.
“ But I shrink, I have not courage,
“ Yet for thee I will dare all things, —
“ I will die for Ghulam Hyder.”
“ No, you won’t though, Mahadeva,”
Interrupted old Bhaónra ;
“ Leave the matter all to me, love,
“ For I see your stupid lover
“ Has not sense enough to manage.
“ Pretty joke, indeed ! to ask you
“ On his horse to mount behind him,
“ Very pretty and romantic !
“ But his common sense should teach him
“ It would bump both love and life out.

“ If he'll do as I shall tell him,
“ Be no longer rash and foolish,
“ Be no longer self-sufficient,
“ We may, p'rhaps, with prudence manage
“ Your wild father, Abdul Latif ;
“ For I know he loves you dearly.”
“ I will ” (broke in Ghulam Hyder)
“ Be your everlasting debtor,
“ I will —— ” “ Peace ! don't interrupt me,
“ Keep that stuff for Mahadeva ;
“ Only hold your tongue and listen.
“ Mahadeva, you must feign that
“ You have lost the pow'r of speaking :
“ This, no doubt, will seem most cruel
“ To exaet from any woman ;
“ But, as we must use deception,
“ I am sure that any other
“ You could never keep in secret,
“ For that vile Mirkundus would soon
“ Worm it from you indirectly.
“ All that you will have to do, then,
“ When Mirkundus or your father
“ Comes to ask you any questions,
“ Is to shake your head in sorrow.
“ This is all I now shall tell you,
“ For least said is soonest mended.
“ Ghulam Hyder, you be off now,
“ You must act as I shall tell you.”

In divan within his palace,
Sat the tyrant Abdul Latif, —
Sat upon a mat of jewels,

Fiercely twirling his mustachios,
And his eyes with anger flashing,
And his beard with rage distended,
Rage from every pore was oozing,
And his face turned upside downwards.
At his feet stood old Mirkundus,
Calm, and grave, and very sober,
No expression in his features,
Motionless and slowly breathing ;
Only once he turned his head round,
Turned his head round very slowly,
To make sure he still retained it,—
Then he bent it slowly forward,
And his eyes with dim opaqueness
Watched intently Abdul Latif
As the elephantine caution
Watches ev'ry tiger movement.

“What dirt is this we are eating ?
“Still our daughter Mahadeva
“Cannot speak ; and we have cut off
“All the heads of our physicians,
“Rather say our dogs and asses.
“By the sacred beard, Mirkundus,
“If I do not hear her speaking
“By to-morrow's noon, O vizier,
“Let thy face be very blackened ;
“By our salt, and by your own soul,
“We will cut your mother's head off,
“Cut off yours, your wives', and daughters',
“All your sons', and all your brothers' ;
“All the graves of all your fathers

“Dogs and asses shall defile them.
“Speak, O man ! for much we fear that
“Your vile son has been the cause of
“All this ill to Mahadeva.
“By your death we truly swear now,
“He shall never be her husband.
“Have you sent to let the world know,
“He who cures our Mahadeva
“Shall receive her hand in marriage,
“And be heir to all our greatness ? ”
“Great and mighty Abdul Latif,
“May thy shadow never lessen !
“I, thy servant, am as nothing
“But a vile dog in thy presence.
“If an ass dare bray before you,
“If a dog dare make suggestion,
“I would humbly hint that silence
“Is a blessing in a woman :
“As unto the lock the key is,
“So is silence to a woman,
“They should always go together.
“But, O King ! as you commanded,
“I have sought throughout the world for
“Some physician, sage and skilful,
“Who shall cure the King’s fair daughter,
“Cure the Princess Mahadeva :
“And I hear most wondrous rumour
“Of the skill and of the science
“Of a young and handsome doctor
“From the land of the Latrones ; ”
Humbly answered old Mirkundus.
“By our beard ! we also heard of

“This same young and handsome doctor,
“From her nurse, the old Bhaónra,
“When we last saw Mahadeva,
“And your lucky star, O vizier,
“Has befriended you this moment ;
“For if you had kept this secret
“At the bottom of your stomach,
“We had cut your old grey head off.
“Have you brought this doctor to us ?”
“See, O King, the man before you.”
“Well ! what say you, young physician ?
“Can you cure our only daughter,
“Cure our daughter, Madaheva ?
“If you can, then you shall have her,
“And we’ll make you our successor.
“Should you fail, this is your sentence :
“We will first pull all your teeth out,
“One by one we’ll cut your toes off,
“Cut your fingers and your ears off,
“Cut off both your hands and eyelids,
“Slit your nose straight down the middle,
“Break your ribs, your knees, and ankles,
“Hang you by your heels a fortnight,
“Boil you slowly in a caldron,
“Give your body to our tigers.
“Say ! if you accept our offer ?
“Say ! where you have learned your science ?”
“Yes, O King ! I do accept it,
“For without fair Mahadeva
“I can find no joy in living ;
“I can find no death so cruel
“As love’s slow consuming furnace.

“ All my science I have learned in
“ That far-famed and distant kingdom,
“ Where ten thousand patent medicines
“ Each can cure all mortal ailings :
“ Land of powders, salves, and plasters,
“ Land of pills, and precious ointments,
“ Land of homœopathic globules,
“ Land of diagnostic science,
“ Land of hydropathic wonders,
“ Land of Daffy’s child’s elixir,
“ Land of pills, called Widow Welsh’s.
“ I will cure your royal daughter,
“ Cure the Princess Mahadeva.
“ Lead me to her private chamber,
“ I can only cure in private.”

Who shall tell the joy and transport
In the Harem’s secret chamber,
Where the faithful old Bhaónra
Brought the loving pair together.

Soon a loud and joyful rumour
That the Princess Mahadeva
Had recovered from her dumbness,
Reached the ears of Abdul Latif ;
He with frantic joy excited,
Seized the beard of old Mirkundus,
And pluck’d out a goodly handful,
For he loved her very dearly.
Old Mirkundus, calm and placid,
Bore this action without winking ;
But spoke thus to Abdul Latif :—

“Mighty King, great Abdul Latif,
“May that dog and ass, your vizier,
“Now bring forth, and lay before you
“That with which his mind doth labour?”
Then the King replied thus, saying :—
“Quickly have thy head delivered ;
“For our heart is light with gladness,
“And we seek for some amusement.
“Say thy word—then quickly order
“Two young maidens for our tigers,
“That their blood may make them savage ;
“For we wish to see them combat.”
“I, thy slave, would merely mention
“That the handsome young physician
“Spoke of love for your fair daughter, —
“For the Princess Mahadeva.
“Perhaps the King some dirt is eating.”
“What news is this ?—we will prove him :
“Send and bring this doctor hither ;
“If he at our beard is laughing,—
“Laughing at our beard and whiskers,
“He shall wish he had a jackass, —
“Had a jackass for his father,
“And had never had a mother.”

Soon before the mighty despot
Stood the handsome Ghulam Hyder—
Stood the young and handsome doctor—
Mahadeva’s feigned physician.
And the tyrant thus addressed him :—
“Man, we know that thou art honest :
“Very pleasant are thy features—

“ Very pleasant to our fancy ;
“ And we think that we should like you
“ For our Mahadeva’s husband,
“ As we doubt not you have cured her.
“ But Mirkundus, our old vizier,
“ Seems to have suspicion of thee :
“ Therefore, thou must clear this matter —
“ Clear the doubts of our old vizier :
“ And to one of your deep science —
“ Science, from that land of wonders,
“ Land of cures by patent medicines,
“ This will be an easy matter.
“ Vizier ! order here before us
“ All the sick men in our army,
“ All the soldiers that are ailing —
“ And this doctor here shall cure them, —
“ Cure them all in fifteen minutes :
“ See, we are not hard upon you.”

Who shall tell the fear and anguish
In the heart of Mahadeva —
In poor Mahadeva’s bosom
At the peril of her lover ?
As some fair and gentle flower
Shrinks before the hail and thunder, —
Bows before the summer hail-storm,
Seems in tears dissolved and dying
In its helpless, gentle beauty :
So the maiden, bowed, and drooping —
All her beauty wet with tear-drops —
Large tears rolling from her eyelash
As the rain-drops from the moss-rose.

So, like some fair, fragile flower
Struck to earth by sudden tempest,
Lay the gentle Mahadeva.
Old Bhaónra sought to soothe her
With such words as love could dictate :
Saying, — “ Cheer up, Mahadeva,
“ All is not yet lost, believe me :
“ Hope and love are yet before you —
“ You will yet be happy, dearest.”
But her own kind heart misgave her,
For she knew how vain and hopeless
Was the task of Ghulam Hyder.
Through her tears poor Mahadeva
Fondly gazed on old Bhaónra —
Fondly kissed the aged woman,
And in sobbing words addressed her :—
“ Dearest nurse ! I know your kind heart
“ Now, like mine, with grief is darkened ;
“ But I feel a gleam of sunshine
“ Through the thick gloom now upon me :
“ ’Tis the warmth of your kind loving
“ Keeps my stricken heart from freezing !
“ Oh ! what else to love is left me ?
“ For, if my proud father kill him,
“ Then my love he will kill also ;
“ For a secret impulse tells me
“ I can never after love him.
“ Oh, then ! what a blight would life be
“ But for thee, dear, kind Bhaónra !
“ Oh, Bhaónra ! much I fear this
“ Dreadful fate is as a judgment
“ Sent to punish our deception.

“If so, surely thus to punish
“Must atone for our transgression,
“And that in those realms hereafter
“We shall meet where mutual loving
“Is immortal and for ever :
“This bright hope, and thy dear kindness,
“Shall support my weak existence
“Till I go to life eternal.”
But 'tis time to draw the curtain
O'er this scene of gentle sorrow,
And return to Ghulam Hyder.

Now, in full divan assembled,
Sat the King with all his courtiers,—
All his courtiers standing round him :
Some had lost their eyes and noses,
Some had lost their toes and fingers,
Each could boast of one eye only,
Save the crafty old Mirkundus,
Who had kept himself entire,
And who gave an inward chuckle
At the number of the answers
As he called the sick-list over.

“Now stand forth, our brave physician,
“Show your skill and cure these soldiers,—
“Cure them all in fifteen minutes,”
Said the King, in high good humour ;
For he rather liked the doctor,
And he wished to prove him clever.

Then stood forth bold Ghulam Hyder,
Nothing daunted, nothing downcast,
Passed his hand across his forehead,
And thus answered Abdul Latif:—
“Mighty King! I am thy servant,
“And shall fully do thy bidding :
“I will soon cure all your soldiers,
“As I cured your royal daughter.
“But, as I have told your highness,
“I can only cure in private :
“If it be your royal pleasure,
“Order me a private chamber,
“Where, alone with these your soldiers—
“All alone with these, my patients,—
“I can exercise my science.”
“As you wish,” said Abdul Latif ;
“Take them to the nearest room, then,
“There to try thy skill, O doctor !
“We will wait in full divan here
“Till you send them back recovered.
“Send them back here, one by one, then,
“So that we may ask each soldier
“Whether you have really cured him.”

When he found himself in private
With his patients, Ghulam Hyder
Locked the door, and thus proceeded :
Round the chimney he arranged them, —
All his patients round the chimney ;
Then a raging fire he built up,
Piling on the flaming fuel
Till it glowed with heat so fiercely

They could scarcely stand before it, —
Scarcely could they look upon it,
For the heat was very scorching.
Then he solemnly addressed them : —
“ O, my friends, great Abdul Latif
“ Has commanded I shall cure you ;
“ You and I must all obey him,
“ His commands are as our life-blood.
“ But it is no easy matter
“ Thus to cure so many patients, —
“ Cure them with so short a treatment, —
“ Cure them all in fifteen minutes.
“ And there is one only method, —
“ Only one, by which to cure you :
“ I must choose *that one* among you
“ Who shall be most ill and sickly ;
“ I must throw him on the furnace ;
“ I must burn him into ashes ;
“ And to quickly cure the others,
“ I must take his powdered ashes, —
“ I must give to each a spoonful :
“ True, the cure is very active,
“ But I know it is most certain, —
“ And the King ! — we must obey him.”

At these awful words, the patients
Looked intently at each other —
Looked to find the one most sickly :
But not one in all the number,
Though extremely ill, was willing
To confess himself the most sick,
And be burnt to make the ashes.

Then the doctor thus addressed them —
Thus addressed the first he came to : —
“ You look very pale and weakly ;
“ I believe you are the most ill,
“ And should burn to make the ashes.”
“ I ! oh no ! ” exclaimed the patient ;
“ You, I’m sure, are quite mistaken,
“ For I feel quite well this moment ;
“ Never in my life felt better.”
“ What ! you rascal, do you say so !
“ How then dare you come in hither,
“ And pretend that you were ailing !
“ Go then to the King this instant —
“ Tell him that you have no illness ;
“ And take care you don’t displease me,
“ Or the King shall know, you villain,
“ How you grossly have deceived him.
“ Better to be burnt to ashes
“ Than to lose your life by flaying.”
Saying thus, the door he opened,
And turned out the frightened soldier.

Abdul Latif still sat waiting,
When he saw the room-door open,
And a patient walking to him
Fell in prostrate form before him,
Knocked his forehead on the pavement.
“ Well, O man ! now quickly answer, —
“ Has our friend the doctor cured you ? ”
“ O King ! may you live for ever !
“ He has cured this dog thy servant.”
Now came out another patient,

And he also gave for answer —
“ O King ! may you live for ever !
“ He has cured this dog thy servant.”
Three ! four ! five ! they all soon followed ;
All had made the self-same answer ;
None would say that he was ailing,
And be burnt to make the ashes.

Lo ! brave Ghulam Hyder triumphed,
And obtained fair Mahadeva.
If you wish to find the story
Of their loves and of their wedding ;
Of their little Ghulam Hyders,
Of their little Mahadevas,—
Ghulam Hyders bold and valiant,
Mahadevas fair and gentle ;
Would you find it, you must seek it
In that casket full of treasures,
Full of treasures quite exhaustless —
Your own rich and fertile fancy.

THE GEOLOGICAL PIC-NIC.



MRS. MAYTRONLY'S carriage had been at the door
I should say it was fully an hour or more.

It was carefully loaded behind and before,
And the hamper containing the luncheon secure ;
But still it was *waiting*. What could it be for ?

At last Mr. Maytronly lustily swore
(That he ever should swear I sincerely deplore),
“ This keeping the carriage I will not endure ;

“ I suppose it's their curls

“ That are keeping those girls ;

“ And we're waiting while Ellen some ringlet twirls.

“ I really do wish you would make them come down.”

Mrs. Maytronly, seeing a symptom of frown,

And fearing that state

Which all of us hate

Should ruffle the temper and mind of her mate,
To the young ladies' dressing-room went away straight.

“ Come, girls, make haste down, it is really so late,

“ And your father is quite in a fidgety state.”

“ We're coming, mamma, if a moment you'll wait.

“ Dear me, it *is* late ! Oh ! I'm quite in a flurry ;

“ And one's never becoming when dressed in a hurry.

“ Do tell me, dear Kate,

“ Is my bonnet on straight ?

“ And my hair all behind — is it smooth in the plait ? ”

“ Oh, yes, it's quite charming — one cannot say No.”

“ Stay ! stop ! dearest Ellen, pray do not yet go ;

“ There's the bow in your hair. I really don't know,

“ But I think that *one* riband is hanging too low.

“ There ! it's now very nice — stop ! your petticoats show,

“ Peeping under the flounces two inches or so.”

“ Was anything ever so very provoking ?

“ But tell me, dear Kate, are you sure your're not joking ? ”

“ Well, you need not now stop ;

“ I don't think they will drop ;

“ If they do you can easily run in a shop.”

“ Now, Kate, if you please,

“ Don't be such a tease ;

“ Where we're going you know there will only be trees.”

“ Dear ! you've got what *you* dread,

“ For your face is so red !

“ And your bonnet I'm sure will fall off from your head.”

Fair reader, I think I can hear you declare

(For I flatter myself you *are* “ one of the Fair ”)

“ What scandalous impudence ! how could he dare

“ Repeat what he heard, with so saucy an air,

“ In the young ladies' room to ! What right had he there ?

“ I only wish *I* had been one of the pair ;

“ I'd have told the rude scribbler 'twas not *his* affair,

“ And advised him to take himself quickly elsewhere.”

I confess I have err'd,

And I give you my word

I'll not mention a syllable more that I heard ;

But now that the carriage has driven away,
I think that I should not much longer delay
To tell you the cause of their being so gay.
Mrs. Maytronly's giving a pic-nic to-day,
The expenses of which Mr. M. is to pay.

But the primary cause
Is the great Samuel Daws,
Geologic Professor and Doctor of Laws.
But I find I have here, for consistency's sake,
A short private family statement to make :

Before Cupid's game
Set his heart in a flame,
And the lady became
Mr. Maytronly's dame,
A Miss Daws was her name,
The sister to Samuel, well known to fame.
She was tired of the *Miss* — oh no ! quite the reverse —
Still she thought she would change it "for better, for worse ;"
And that mystical process, the charm of this life,
Changed her name, and herself into Maytronly's wife.

The Professor's their guest ;
For at her kind request,
He's come down to their house from his studies to rest.
Now, his sister had earnestly tried to impress
How much it would add to her pic-nic's success
If she could induce him to give an address
On the subject the Doctor was known to profess ;
But all she could do, he would not acquiesce,
And to Ellen and Kate she was forced to confess
His refusal had caused her the greatest distress.

But Beauty prevails
Where argument fails,
When its feminine powers are tried upon males.

So his two pretty nieces, on conquest intent,
Soon kissed from their uncle a smiling consent ;

And, to crown their success,
Each would have a new dress,
And at once for the milliner sent an express.

Mrs. Maytronly's spirits were highly elate :
The Doctor would such a "sensation" create ;
Indeed, as the Yankees say, "He was first-rate."
And to prove this a fact, I need only relate
In comparing of bones he'd a talent so great
That when dining ('t is said), he could actually state,
From the ivory handle he saw near his plate,
Not only the elephant's age and his weight,
But the size of the female he had for his mate.

But let us contrive

To see them arrive,

For they 're now, I should say, at the end of their drive.
We are rather too late, for the party has met,
And the ladies, I fear, are beginning to fret,
For the clouds overhead some suspicion beget
That their pretty new bonnets may spoil in the wet :
Pray be not alarmed ! for it will not rain yet ;
But givers of picnics are sure to regret
If champagne or umbrellas they chance to forget.

But the sun, to his praise,

Now burst forth in a blaze,

No doubt the dear feminine spirits to raise.

Then, with hammer in hand,

They turn over the sand,

And give to the rocks

Such dear little knocks

That one wishes his head
Had been placed there instead :
And in every hole
They find something like coal ;
Then they solemnly talk
On the nature of chalk :
“ You only require
“ To burn it with fire ;
“ In a very short time
“ It will turn into lime ;
“ Then, with dirt and some water,
“ That will turn into mortar ;
“ And it’s mortar that sticks
“ Fast together the bricks.”
Then they hold a discourse
On some bone of a horse :
It belongs, they assure us,
To a Pleiosaurus.
Such a harvest they reap
From this science so deep,
That they take all the stones
For Preadamite bones

And a dead donkey’s skull an Iguanodon owns.
Into boulders and rocks they now cease to inquire,
For at breaking of stones even science will tire ;
’Tis a practice I think very few will admire,
And the process will make even ladies perspire ;
So that rest and refreshment they’re forced to desire ;
And some faint one a glass of champagne will require,
Which no masculine mortal would dare to deny her ;
So all on the “ Hamper ” consent to retire.

Then by twos and threes,
 And quite at their ease,
 They seat themselves laughingly under the trees.
 But hark ! some one 's singing : I've heard her before,
 And I'm sorry to say she's considered a bore,
 For she'll certainly sing "Casta Diva" I'm sure.
 She's a spinster well up in deep musical lore,
 And when at the Opera reads from the score :
 The prevailing light style she's been heard to deplore,
 And a taste for Beethoven intends to restore ;
 But she says, " 'Casta Diva' I almost adore,
 " It so sweetly illustrates a fatal 'amour ;'
 " Grisi sings it with judgment and skill, to be sure,
 " But her figure's too stont, and her pathos demure."
Her adipose form is by no means mature,
 And her pathos between a deep sigh and a snore.

But if you'll believe her,
 Had Pollio the deceiver
 Heard her sing "Casta Diva,"

Adelgisa could never have caused him to leave her.

Now these marvellous tones,

Between sighings and groans,

Proceed from the lips of Miss Skynanbone Jones.
 She has other perfections on which I must dwell :
 She's a poet and "potichomanist" as well.
 In this "high art" on glass she is known to excel,
 And she sticks the bed-furniture patterns so well,
 That dealers in "virtù" declare they would sell
 As Sévres China or mugs ; for no mortal could tell
 The glass from the crockery until it fell,
 And by breaking asunder, destroyed the spell.

She has sent eight or nine,
 Peculiarly fine,
 To Marlborough House, for the "School of Design."
 Her lyrics are likewise uncommonly nice,
 The language is always so pure and concise;
 She has sent me some copies, I think, once or twice,
 One sample of which I daresay will suffice.
 But, all doubt to disperse,
 Read this note in "blank verse,"
 Which she uses for letters, because it's "so terse:"—
 "Sir,—as I learn you strike the sacred lyre,
 "And drink deep draughts of the Pierian spring,
 "My kindred spirit yearningly would seek
 "That sweet communion of heart and soul
 "Which ancient Sappho felt. I would desire
 "We lave together in the Muses' spring,
 "That, by some joint effort, we may raise,
 "In tuneful unity, that mystic strain
 "By which great Orpheus stopp'd Ixion's wheel,
 "And made the stone of Sisyphus stand still,
 "When in deep hell he sought Eurydice.
 "I, who can exercise that wondrous art
 "With such perfection and adhesive skill
 "That paste and scissars give to paper 'Nothings
 "'A local habitation and a name:'
 "Potichomanie!—may thy name euphonious
 "Pass to posterity as 'household words,'
 "And with thy type, 'the willow-pattern plate,'
 "Prove the Penatis of domestic bliss;—
 "I, who have drawn from fair Euterpe's breasts
 "Deep draughts of music;—I, whose voice might vie
 "With any songstress from Italia's shore,

" But that the shrinking modesty of merit
 " Keeps me secluded from the public gaze ;—
 " Well may I sing, with Avon's glorious swan,
 " 'Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 " 'Too high a fame : ' still would I venture now
 " To draw poetic sympathy from you
 " Towards a new-born effort of my Muse—
 " Such as the tender Erato inspires.
 " And may the Muses strike some gentle chord
 " Whose soft responsive tone shall make thy heart
 " Vibrate in unison with—

SKYNNANBONE.

" THE DEATH OF SAPPHO.

" A Spirit.

" FAIR Sappho despairing
 At Phaon not caring
 The least for her love,
 Up Leucas is going,
 Intent upon throwing
 Herself from above.

" With resolute will, how
 She's climbing the hill now,
 And quite out of breath :
 Oh, then, base deceiver,
 Why don't you relieve her,
 And save her from death ?

“ Oh, surely, no cold heart
Could take such a bold part
 As plunge in the sea :
To a flame that’s so cruel
Who added the fuel ?
 False Phaon, ’t was thee !

“ With arms now extending,
Headlong she’s descending
 Right into the deep :
Whilst Phaon, not heeding
This dire proceeding
 Lies buried in sleep.

“ The sea nymphs were dozing,
In grottos reposing,
 And dreaming of love,
When Sappho came falling,
With splash quite appalling,
 Straight down from above.

“ False Phaon invoking,
The sea water choking,
 She dies in the brine.
And thus her love ended
Excessively splendid —
 Uncommonly fine —

SKYNANBONE.”

But this Skynanbone episode I must now close,
And return to the company — that is, to those
Who to hear the Professor are seated in rows,
Where many a bright eye with merriment glows,

As the Doctor awaking up out of a doze,
By taking snuff, coughing, and blowing his nose,—
Also drinking a glass of pale ale, — now arose,
And commenced geological truths to disclose.

But the ladies entreat

He won't stand on his feet,

So the hamper is brought him by way of a seat.

THE LECTURE.

“ Dear friends and visitors, I crave attention,
With your permission, while some facts I mention,
By which I hope to demonstrate to you
All that geologists assert is true,
Though they themselves are puzzled to explain
The various theories which they maintain ;
Therefore I enter on no easy task,
And must your patience and indulgence ask :
Their strongest argument to me appears
To count as nothing sev'ral million years ;
For some such time are creatures under change
To come within ‘ Organic Fossil ’ range.
What length of years they have not clearly shown ;
But many millions make a ‘ fossil bone.’

Like most abstruse philosophers, we see

Learned geologists can disagree :

The theory ‘ Catastrophists ’ supply

The ‘ Uniformitarians ’ deny.

Having thus prefaced, I will now proceed

To give some explanation of that creed,

By which the 'Transmutationist' arranges
The cause and progress of 'organic changes.'
Lamarck the Transmutationist declares
'Organic changes' are but those repairs
Or alterations Nature makes to suit
The expanding 'sentiment' in man and brute ;
For men and brutes at first were all the same,
From 'petits corps gélatineux' they came.
This pliant substance formed the *lowest* class,
Which, by its 'sentiment intérieur' could pass
Through all the intermediate forms of being,
Which led to feet and noses, smelling, taste, and seeing.
Amongst these creatures rose a ruling race,
Which passed all others at a rapid pace.
To this more active of the pulpy throng,
Ladies and gentlemen, you all belong.
Of lower animals he *likewise* says
(Speaking of their peculiar forms and ways),
Not from the forms in which they are contrived
Can their peculiar habits be derived ;
But they, and their progenitors before them,
By *wanting organs* found their bodies bore them.
Not to assist an animal that swims,
Were web-feet added to the lower limbs ;
But this appendage was an after-thought
By the said animal's experience bought.
If a frog (wooing having fixed to go,
Whether his mother had said yes, or no)
Seeks surreptitiously an old frog's daughter,
Like bold Leander, he must cross the water :
And as he swims, by stretching out his toes,
He finds he faster through the water goes.

So otters, beavers, water-fowl, and frogs,
Those swimming tenants of the streams and bogs,
From their own 'sentiment' first formed the notion
That web-feet would accelerate their motion ;
And that they had, by spreading out each toe,
Forced the web-membrane to extend and grow.
Creative Nature did not seek to deck
The graceful giraffe with a long, thin neck ;
But, in the midst of Africa, he found
Nothing as food upon the arid ground ;
But, with a lengthened neck, he could with ease
Strip the soft foliage from the lofty trees ;
Therefore, he sought the highest food to eat,
And stretched himself, in *time*, to twenty feet :
To stretch so much, some million years were wanted—
Time by geologists is always granted—
And this same process may in *Time* avail
To form a back-bone to the pulpy snail.
Some million years of 'sentiment' in bed
May give the oyster a more perfect head ;
And then by epicures it may be feared
He'll add mustachios to his ugly beard.
Such is the 'French School ;' but yet some deplore
(With proper pride, and French '*esprit de corps*')
To think the origin of man so base :
'Polyp ! la souche de sa grande noble race.'
So seems to think Omalius D'Halloy,
Who says our species always did enjoy
Supreme dictatorship in the creation
Through all varieties of 'Transmutation.'
He thinks wise men have lived upon the earth
When grew those plants which gave to coals their birth ;

And in the 'Carboniferous Formation,'
He finds, by some most subtle computation,
That men had lungs, by which they breathed most placid
An atmosphere of dense 'carbonic acid.'
Indeed, so dense, it would sufficient be
'*Pour faire mourir les hommes d'aujourd'hui.*'
With this opinion we might all agree,
Could we discover their exuviae;
Or could some fossil rib or tooth be seen
By our fam'd modern Saurian Frankenstein.
Then Mr. Hawkins would soon place before us
A model of the *Patriarchosaurus*."

Just then Catherine squealed,
"There's a bull in the field!"
Which at once to the company's terror appealed.
At this horrible sight
The whole party took flight,
In a general scamper
Away from the hamper.
Kate, out of breath quite,
Screamed aloud in her fright:
She was sure she'd been tost,
For her bonnet she'd lost;
True! as Ellen had said,
It had dropped from her head!
Then poor Ellen's despair,
Being held by the hair,
For her curls, in the scramble,
Had caught in a bramble,
Which seemed to remind her
The bull was behind her.

Now, Miss Jones, in a flurry,
Slipped down in her hurry,
And besmear'd all her dress.
What a terrible mess !
Then in climbing a hedge,
She got fixed like a wedge,
And her stockings all torn
By a blackberry thorn.
In this dishabille state
She was left to her fate ;
To sing "Casta Diva"
Would not now relieve her :
In the hedge she remained,
Like "Andromeda " chained.
But the Doctor was last,
For he could not run fast ;
And scarce knew, in his dread,
If he stood on his head :
In his hurry to fly,
Put his foot in a pie,
Which caused him to fall
An undignified sprawl,
With his knees in a custard,
And his nose in some mustard,
Which got awfully smeared
On his face and his beard ;
And, as you may suppose,
Its effect on his nose
Caused a vehement sneezing,
Which sensation, though pleasing,
Made a sad interference
With his facial appearance.

But again on his feet,
Making good his retreat,
And not seeing Kate's bonnet,
Put his great foot upon it ;
Then, with effort immense,
Makes a jump at the fence ;
And with utter dismay,
In alighting half way,
Fell, with sundry groans,
Midst the briars and stones,
And got fixed by the side of Miss Skynanbone Jones.

MUSTAPHA'S DREAM OF PARADISE.



I IMAGINED I lay in a bower of roses,
Where the sun's subdued rays only languidly shone,
At that sweet dreamy time when all nature reposes,
Save the sparkling stream flowing smilingly on.

When the soft perfumed breezes the senses are steeping
With murmuring sounds in delicious repose,
And a thrill of delight through the warm blood is creeping,
While slowly the eyelids in ecstacy close.

It was then that I saw from the distance advancing
A group of fair maidens of exquisite grace ;
Some sang to the lute, while some others came dancing,
And love seemed to beam from each beautiful face.

Round the singers those dancing were gracefully wheeling,
Keeping time to the heavenly notes of the song ;
And their movements a light wavy action revealing,
Caused the group to appear as if floating along.

I now could perceive they were weaving with flowers
Four beautiful wreaths of such delicate hue,
That surely they'd culled from their sweet-scented bowers
The loveliest blossoms that Paradise grew.

They came to the spot where entranced I was viewing
The radiant look of this beautiful band ;
When its bright black-eyed leader, the music subduing,
Moved forward and placed the sweet wreaths at my hand.

O ! what melody breathes as her beautiful fingers
Seemed to kiss from the lute a voluptuous refrain ;
And whilst in the air the soft cadence still lingers,
Her soul-moving voice sings this passionate strain.

“ Welcome, Faithful, to thy rest !
Here thou art for ever blest.
In perpetual bliss enjoy
Deep delights that never cloy :
Fruit reserved for such as thee
Eat from off the Tûba tree.*
In its shade while you recline
Every thought and wish is thine :
Soothed to sleep by murmuring streams,
Rapture visits all thy dreams.
Now for evermore is thine
Joys that flow from luscious wine :
You may now the wine-cup drain
Free from every after-pain.

* Tûba, or the Tree of Happiness, in the Mohammedan Paradise.

In thy beatific state
Wine can not inebriate :
Safely may its liquid fire
Fill thy veins with warm desire.
Endless time can never fail
All thy Senses to regale.
Taste will always be more sweet
With each morsel that you eat :
Sight has endless visions new
Through the pure ethereal blue :
Scents for thee all flowers distil,
Floating through the air they fill :
Hearing's ravished by the thrill
Of the song of Israfil :*
Touch has here ecstasie bliss
In the black-eyed houri's kiss.
This the dearest, sweetest prize,
Now is spread before thine eyes :
Of the lovely maids you see
Four† thy youthful brides shall be.
Take the wreaths that we have wove—
One for each of those you love—
Place it on her brow you choose,
None can here thy wish refuse ;
For this crown at once decides
Those you seek to make your brides.
Thousands‡ more on thee shall wait
In the humble, servile state ;

* Israfil, the most melodious of the angels.

† A Mohammedan is limited to *four* wives.

‡ "The very meanest in paradise will have 80,000 servants."—SALE.

But these four shall reign supreme
O'er thy love, and in thy dream ;
On thy bliss alone intent,
They shall every wish prevent.
When, entranced in sweet repose,
Languid love thine eyelids close,
They shall rock thy soul to rest
On a gently-heaving breast :
And that age may not destroy
Youthful passion's sweetest joy,
We now precious water bring
From the sacred Tasnim* spring,
Which, when drank, shall cause to flow
Through thy veins a healthful glow
With a sentiment for love
Such as wine can never move.
While this water you shall drink
Youth to age can never sink :
Youth and Love this spring provides
For thee, and thy Houri Brides."

She ceased ; and my soul with the melody filling
Through memory sought the loved strains to repeat ;
And whilst thus entranced, all my senses were thrilling,
Two maidens, advancing, bowed down at my feet.

They were clad in loose robes of ethereal lightness,
Like thin, fleecy clouds thrown over their charms,
And with diamond bracelets, whose pure liquid brightness
Absorbed the soft hue of their beautiful arms.

* A wonderful fountain in the Mohammedan Paradise.

One carried a chalice, and gracefully kneeling,
Presented the water of Tasnim it bore,
Then sang, in a voice of most exquisite feeling,
“ Oh, drink of this spring and be young evermore ! ”

The other approached with the same sweet devotion,
And handed me fruit on the Tûba-tree grown ;
Then raising her voice, sang with gentle emotion,
“ Oh, eat ! and for evermore Love is thine own.”

Oh ! who can describe the sweet vision before me ?
How tell of the heavenly beauty and form
Of those dear graceful maids who now seemed to adore me
With sweet looks of passion, soft, tender, and warm !

The one was a dark-hair'd and flashing-eyed Beauty,
Whose form was o'erspread with a warm tinted glow —
With whom passionate love was a soul-stirring duty
On which every action and thought to bestow.

The other was fair, with long bright golden tresses,
And large, beaming eyes of clear, deep, liquid blue,
Where the sweet charm of modesty passion suppresses,
Still the Spirit of Love will shine ardently through.

Oh ! who can imagine the rush of sensation
That flew through my veins as each pulse beat its stroke ;
I grasped at the wreaths to complete this ovation :
The action disturbed me, — alas ! I awoke.

And though through my mind all these raptures are gleaming,
One, one!—only one!—of them all I now prize;
And of that beloved hope, though awake, I am dreaming,—
'Tis the beautiful maid with the liquid blue eyes.

THE END.



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